

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,085 Vol. 118.

12 December 1914.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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Next week we shall print the second part of "Our Lesson and Our Obligation", by "A Privy Councillor", an authoritative communication on National and Obligatory Service.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"We shall hold fast for all time the countries which have been fertilised by German blood. Our burning love for our German Fatherland makes us strong enough to offer the greatest sacrifices. Let us hold fast to what we have won, and, over and above that, acquire all that we need. By bloody war to splendid victory—that is the motto of this great time."

The words above are of great significance. They were spoken the other day by Herr Bassermann, leader of the National Liberals in the Reichstag; and they represent beyond the shadow of a doubt the feeling and the will of the German people as a whole to-day. When will our statesmen in power, and when will the whole British public recognise that we can only conquer Germany by a resolution equal to hers? We lose all patience with quibbling, pettifogging little criticisms of such a statement as this of Herr Bassermann's. We must "go one better" in resolution than Germany, or we must dawdle and dwindle away our time and energies in make-shift-this and wait-a-bit-and-see-that. A Government of democrats or a Government of aristocrats would long ere this have called up its men with a ringing and unmistakable voice. In Germany to-day there are no willy-nillys and shilly-shallys: the breed is unknown there. In Germany they have many evil things, but at least they have no Micawbers waiting for something to turn up: there they take occasion and time by the forelock.

How different is it when we turn from the half measures of civilian authority to the lion-hearted conduct of our two great Services! With complete success a British squadron under Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee engaged and sunk the "Scharnhorst", "Gneisenau" and "Leipzig" near the Falkland Islands on Tuesday. We were confident the British

Navy would presently take a full revenge for the defeat and loss of Admiral Cradock's ships, but it has come quicker than we hoped. It is a superb stroke—secret, swift, and crushing; and, save for odds and ends and for stealthy trips of submarines, the German Navy can now hardly be said to exist outside the one or two mined harbours of Germany and the Kiel Canal. Germany's fleet is in being, but practically out of action till it makes up its mind to the great venture out into the open sea. Admiral Sturdee's exploit is decisive and magnificent. It has filled the whole nation with quiet pride and happiness. We doubt not the enemy's ships put up a gallant fight, probably—like Admiral Cradock's "Good Hope" and "Monmouth"—against superior weight and range.

Admiral Cradock's bludgeoned ships, pounded to death with heavier metal, called urgently for retort in kind; and that retort has followed with all the speed that could be made. Admiral Graf von Spee, like Admiral Cradock, has paid the full price of gallantry outmatched. More and more is it borne in upon our seamen that at sea success lies in one direction only. It lies in being swift and strong—in being superior in engines and guns to the enemy. Against superior strength nothing avails—neither cunning, seamanship, nor courage.

All praise is due to the First Sea Lord for so swiftly putting right the odds in the Pacific. Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, not a month ago, was Chief of Staff at the Admiralty. Within four weeks he has brought the enemy to action in distant waters and virtually destroyed him. The light escaping cruisers, among them the "Dresden", are of the "Emden" type; but it is unlikely that the German Navy has in any of the free ships another commander of the style of von Müller. The swift blow of Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, aimed from a distance of 7,000 miles, is a remarkable achievement of discipline and decision.

The last despatch of an Eye-Witness dwells particularly upon the quiet and pause of the Western

armies. "Of major tactical operations", Eye-Witness writes, "there has recently been an entire absence". For seven weeks now no strategical advantage has been won or lost in the Western theatre, the most important event of this long time being a gradual assertion of our equality, and, in parts of the line, of our superiority, in artillery. The Allies are creeping forward, but the ground is fought by inches. Trenches are won in the Argonne and on the Aisne. Positions are held on the Yser. But no decisive movement one way or the other is reported.

Eye-Witness describes graphically the cordiality between the French and British troops. He also emphasises the hospitality of the inhabitants and their resignation to the needs of war. He writes: "There could be no more cordial relations than those existing between the French and British, both in their official and social life. In all the towns, large or small, in which the British Army has been quartered the friendliness with which the inhabitants have received us is more than remarkable. . . And a very pleasing side of the joint operations of the Allies is the fact that there has never been any sort of friction between the troops. This appears all the more remarkable when it is remembered how many thousands of men have been thrown together, often in most trying circumstances, and that wine is the common drink of the country. If it does nothing more, this war is bound to increase the mutual knowledge of and respect for each other of the French and British, and there is no doubt that it will leave a lasting and beneficial effect on the intercourse of the two nations".

The third Austrian invasion of Serbia seems to have signally failed. The Austrians were last week reported as uniformly successful. They had driven the Serbians far back from their frontier. They had occupied Belgrade. But the Serbians had fallen back for concentration on a shorter front; and they were soon ready for a counter-offensive. This has been delivered, seemingly with remarkable results. The Austrians have had to retreat so rapidly that stores, guns, and prisoners have been captured in large quantities by the Serbians. It would indeed be well if this were an augury for Poland. Like the Austrians, the Germans have occupied an undefended town, and like the Serbians, the Russians appear to have fallen back for concentration.

It is now clear that the Russians have had to leave Lodz open to the enemy. They have straightened out their line at the back of Lodz, thereby abandoning their salient or jutting position in its neighbourhood. The decisive blow has yet to be delivered in this region. Just as Berlin too soon and too wildly rejoiced over von Hindenburg's preliminary forward dash, so some of our English prophets prematurely announced, in the face of persistent warnings from the Russian authorities, that the crowning victory of our Ally was already achieved! The authorities at Petrograd have never claimed a decisive victory in Poland. They are content to know and to announce that the German offensive is held, and that their position in the south towards Cracow is gradually becoming stronger and more menacing.

The way in which events in Russia have been misjudged by a section of over-enthusiasts is unhappily typical of much that we read and hear about the war. Public patience must soon be spent with hearing of great successes which apparently have no result, but always have to be won over again. Day after day without ceasing we have been told about terrific, overwhelming, gigantic, titanic, and crowning victories over the broken, demoralised, fleeing German armies. We were very glad to find the "Standard" lately in a leading article discountenancing such mischievous and reckless nonsense. On some days it seems quite impossible to escape for an hour or two at a stretch

posters—largely Liberal—which announce the very latest smashing, terrific, etc., etc., defeat of the enemy, which marks the turning point of the whole war, and the crowning triumph of the Allies. Cannot the people who spread these tidings see that they serve no purpose but to discourage recruits of the right sort? Such news, or anything remotely resembling it, never comes from the Russian officials, nor from the French officials; nor from Lord Kitchener, nor from the Press Bureau.

Liberal journalists really seem to suppose that not to announce a good daily series of glorious victories is tantamount to announcing a check to the Liberal Government—in fact, something like a snap division over the Plural Voting or the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Yet the Liberal newspapers surely are the very newspapers that ought to be most economical in serving out great victories, for are they not particularly anxious to get the recruits without a special Act? And how can you recruit successfully on a large scale if you are constantly telling the young men in effect that it is nearly all over except for the shouting?

The usual crop of cock-and-bull stories about the defeat of those we desire to be defeated has been duly harvested this week. The cockiest and most bullish story of them all, perhaps, is that said to have been found under a post-stamp that "the condition of Berlin is pitiful". It is no use to people who believe nonsense of this kind to read at all. We shall not conquer Germany by believing she is dead-beat when she is hardly panting. Even more striking is the disclosure that Germany is *short of rifles*. We should have thought that a sense of humour might well have saved a British writer from dwelling on a shortage of rifles in Germany!

No doubt it is much the same, or worse, in Germany itself. There the people are befooled to the top of the authorities' bent. For example, the German wireless news this week joyfully announces that our War Loan is already at a discount; and the credulous Germans are asked to believe, of course, that this is a sure sign of Britain's downfall. The German gull has never heard of "stags", and the German authorities and German newspapers are not going to enlighten him. But, as we have pointed out before, it may for the time being at any rate pay the German authorities and journals to befool the German public. There is no recruiting difficulty in Germany as there is here. When we tell our people that everything is going on wonderfully, and that the Germans are being smashed up and starved out and in a pitiable state, the need for more men obviously tends to disappear.

Open rebellion in South Africa may be near an end. De Wet is a prisoner, Maritz a fugitive, and Beyers is dead. It is well perhaps that Beyers should have died desperately. He has been saved the humiliation of being confronted with old friends and colleagues; and those friends have been spared a painful duty. Beyers had the excuse of an honest fanaticism; and he does not seem to have behaved in quite the brutal and insane fashion of De Wet. With De Wet it is not so well. He has yet to face the tedium and disgrace of a formal reckoning with the Government he has betrayed. Meantime General Botha is to be highly commended for the prompt, brave way he has met a serious crisis in South African affairs. More than ever the future of the South African Union is identified with the career of this great Imperial statesman.

Our troops on the Persian Gulf have quickly followed up their success at Basra. Fifty miles inland from Basra, at the meeting of the Tigris and Euphrates, is Kurna. The Turkish forces, after their defeat at Basra, had fallen back on this important town; but they were allowed small time for rest. Lieut.-Colonel

Frazer moved out from Basra almost immediately. He found the enemy strongly posted at Kurna, and a joint expedition by land and river was undertaken. There was a short, smart encounter, which was completely successful. The Turkish Governor-General has surrendered unconditionally with his troops. The British are now in command of the country from Kurna to the sea, also of the rich and fertile region of the lower delta.

It is again an odious necessity to record instances of the savage way in which the German armies have deliberately chosen to wage war. First there are the proclamations of the various German commanders collected and published in the sixth report of the Belgian Commission. The greater number of these documents end with a threat of death for disobedience. One of the most outrageous of the proclamations—issued at Grivegnée—commands anyone who knows where stores of petroleum are located to inform the German authorities. The penalty for disobedience is death. It is clearly against all the laws of war to force civilians of an invaded country to assist the enemy under penalty of being shot. The proclamation at Wavre—pay us a ransom or your town will be burned to the ground—is by comparison defensible. The practical results of such proclamations are illustrated from a terrible account, via Holland, of the wholesale shooting at Dinant—an execution of civilians in batches in the presence of their wives and children; also from an account by the French Eye-Witness of systematic incendiarism in the Argonne.

The revelations of Signor Giolitti in the Italian Chamber take the case against Germany yet further back into the past. Austria, it seems, not only contemplated an attack upon Serbia in August 1913, but actually invited Italy to support it. Italy refused to allow that an unprovoked attack upon Serbia could be described as a "defensive" operation. Whereupon Austria postponed the event. Naturally enough, the Italian Government perceives no difference between the attack of 1914 and the threatened attack of 1913. The murder of the Archduke was the opportunity, not the cause, of a plan meditated twelve months previously. Signor Giolitti, in defending Italy's neutrality, has proved yet again that Germany and Austria forced war upon Europe of set purpose and after a long period of calculation. Another interesting diplomatic disclosure of the week is Sir Louis Mallet's dispatch describing his position at Constantinople. Clearly the Young Turks were always in the hands of their German agents, and were bent on war from the beginning.

President Wilson's address to Congress was impeccable. He has not yet deviated by a hair from the strict letter of neutrality. Very rightly he perceives that the useful intervention of the United States at a later stage of the war must necessarily be determined by the scrupulous impartiality of his attitude as a detached observer of events at this early stage. We can safely leave to President Wilson the responsibility of deciding when exactly such intervention is likely to be just and serviceable. He is not likely to be misled by those German diplomatists who are anxious that he should intervene prematurely and thus enable Germany to charge the Allies with prolonging the war after the German Government has offered peace. A premature peace must necessarily be an impossible peace. No intervention on behalf of peace can be profitable till it has been realised by the German Government that Europe cannot again lie under the fear and threat of its armies and fleet.

Certainly Great Britain and her Allies have nothing to complain of in the attitude of the American people. The cordiality—the tide of good feeling—which has swept the American public allows us to see a little of what lies behind the grave, correct attitude of the American Government. The sympathetic appreciation

among Americans of the real issues of the present war, their quick dart at the truth, has been all through remarkable. The Americans have kept the balance level despite all the efforts of German agents to depress it. Several American papers, by the way, have been pointing out that there is no real need of a British press agency in America to counter the efforts of the German—this apropos of a letter in the SATURDAY suggesting that such a counter-campaign should be started. We must point out that this suggestion was not made by the SATURDAY REVIEW. We have too clearly seen that the German efforts in America were defeating their own ends. The suggestion referred to in the American Press was made by an American correspondent alarmed by the very persistent misrepresentation of our case in America.

We shall not be far wrong in assuming that Mr. Church, in his eloquent and well-reasoned answer last week to the appeal of Germany's men of art, science, and letters, speaks on behalf of the great majority of his American colleagues. "Your letter", he writes to them, "speaks of Germany as being in a struggle which was forced upon her. That is the whole question: all others are subsidiary. If this struggle was forced upon Germany, then, indeed, she stands in a position of mighty dignity and honour, and the whole world should acclaim her and succour her, to the utter confusion and punishment of the foes who have attacked her. But if this outrageous war was not forced upon her, would it not follow in the course of reason that her position is without dignity and honour and that it is her foes who should be acclaimed and supported to the extreme limit of human sympathy? The judgment on this paramount question has been formed. That judgment is not based upon the calumnies of the enemies of Germany, nor upon the careless publications contained in the newspapers, but upon a profound study of the official correspondence in the case".

There is only one thing likely to spoil our cause in America. The Washington correspondent of the "Times" does not hesitate to declare outright that British prestige is grievously suffering by the refusal of the British Government to deal with the recruiting problem. This close and accurate observer of American opinion tells us that the Americans are beginning to be puzzled by the way in which we are failing to provide for a steady flow of men to the Colours. Here is confirmation of what we have repeatedly urged in our pleading for national and obligatory service. The prestige of Great Britain cannot fail to suffer if this country continues to dodge the most important problem of the war. The Americans are putting the question in this way:—"Is the escutcheon of British democracy to be proved as stainless as the escutcheon of the British Army?"

The Admiralty should surely have no difficulty in filling the ranks of the Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Naval Division. This battalion is to be raised exclusively from university and public school men. It will serve as an intact unit of the Naval Division. The offer of the Admiralty is in all ways attractive for any young men who are drawn to the sea. Men are to be paid at the Service rate; there are no expenses, kit being found. The age is between eighteen and thirty-five.

Mr. Llewellyn Williams, M.P., in a letter in the "Times" of 9 December, likens the conduct of Lord Hugh Cecil to the conduct of the Kaiser; for they have both, this disputant points out, appealed to Heaven; and Heaven is going to give them the same reply. That is Mr. Williams's quality of wit. We may be wrong, but it seems to us that Mr. Williams cuts a poor figure at this time in backing up his political friends who decided to disestablish the Church and take away its property, war or no war. We wonder he cares to hold forth on heavenly things.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE NAVY AND THE NATION.

TO-DAY the German Navy consists virtually of two parts. One part is in Kiel Canal, the other part is at the bottom of the ocean. The first part we must describe as somewhat inglorious at the moment—though we would not boast; whilst the second part has ended gloriously. What ending is more glorious than that of a ship like the "Scharnhorst" or the "Gneisenau" putting up a stern fight—as we doubt not these German ships did—against a terrible foe and at the close going down for ever in its element, defiant and unconquerable? "I should hate that death banded my eyes", was the brave man's feeling when he thought of the end; and that is the spirit, doubtless, that fires the German seaman as it fires the British when the deck is clear for action. Therefore all honour to the officers and men of the "Scharnhorst", "Gneisenau", and "Leipzig", which were sighted and sunk by a British squadron under Admiral Sturdee on Tuesday morning near the Falkland Islands, the "Nürnberg" meeting the same fate later.

We went into this war in too many matters quite unprepared. Probably no great nation in modern or in ancient times ever declared war, ever went to war, more woefully unprepared than we did at the beginning of last August. The Germans to-day are the greatest of comic historians. They are real geniuses, whether conscious or unconscious, in this business; and surely their master stroke in comic history is representing Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Birrell as arch-plotters darkly laying heads together and arranging the conquest of the first military Power in the world. Why, every little boy and girl here knows that the last thing in the world that these eminent men of peace wanted was war, and that the last thing which they thought of preparing for adequately was a war with any military nation—let alone with the mightiest! We would ask the Germans to believe this if they believe nothing else that Great Britain tells them; for it is so literally, so mathematically—as recruiting shows—so overwhelmingly, so transparently true. Let the Germans be assured once and for all as to this—the domestic Mr. Asquith and his unadventurous colleagues, when suddenly the war crisis arose, were preparing, not for war against their respected Germany, but merely for a plural voting campaign against their familiar Unionist opponents. That is the serious history of it.

But though, alas, so obviously not prepared for war with Germany, the Government, thanks to the resolution and good sense of our race, were, when the need came, supported by a great Fleet; and, thanks largely, we suppose, to good fortune, were supported by both naval and military leaders and organisers who happen to have a genius for war and an intense desire to serve and save their country. We ought not to be under the least misconception as to this: the men on whom we at home must rely for our liberty and for our very existence to-day are the men of the two great Services. The splendid action that has just been fought reminds the nation what it owes to its glorious Navy.

It is time then we put by for ever our civilian conceit and the old Downing Street fetich. Yet how hard superstition dies even at a time like this! Only the other day the question was put to us: "Is it really true that Mr. Lloyd George, through wonderful finance, has saved the country from crisis and ruin?" It is no wonder people should be asking themselves and others this question, for not only Radicals, but also some Conservatives, have been proclaiming lately that Mr. Lloyd George has "saved the country". To picture Mr. Lloyd George as a sort of *deus ex machina* who has suddenly appeared on the scene in the nick of time and by amazing genius and courage saved a tottering nation is highly ludicrous. One is sure that Mr. Lloyd George himself, if he retains that sense of

humour which we have noted in him in past times, would not claim to be the God of Gold which many of his friends, as well as—apparently—quite a number of his critics, have suddenly discovered him to be. In acting with vigour; in working hard at the Treasury machine and seeking the advice of the most skilled financial experts in the City, he has shown himself a capable Minister at a hard time. Do let us try to preserve some sense of perspective or proportion and not be staggered by imaginary Pitts or Carnots on the scene to-day. It is not Mr. Lloyd George who has triumphantly floated a gigantic war loan of £350,000,000, or raised the gold reserve in the Bank of England from £26,000,000 at the start of the war to £86,000,000 to-day. It is the British nation that has carried out these splendid operations; and the brutal truth of the thing is that if Mr. Brown, Smith, or Robinson had been Chancellor of the Exchequer and had sensibly listened to the advice of the City and leant on the Treasury experts, he would have got the £350,000,000 loan and the £86,000,000 gold reserve at the Bank of England with just the same success. Lest we should be unfair to Mr. Lloyd George in this estimate, we have consulted a financier of high responsibility and great experience daily in handling money in large amounts; one who has nothing to do with party politics. He replies that our point is perfectly true—indeed, that it goes without saying.

It is not because Mr. Lloyd George is Chancellor of the Exchequer and can make a spanking speech that the British people finds the money and is willing to invest it when the war loan is started—the British people is not such a dolt as all that; and common sense equally should tell us at once that not one single gold piece is in the £86,000,000 Bank Reserve to-day because Mr. Lloyd George happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. To deny this seems to us to be either cant or innocence—in most cases, we should think, the latter.

No; those who count to-day are the men who lead our Navy and our Army—they are the ministers who truly and tremendously matter. Here initiative and individual genius and responsibility do come in and are of supreme importance. We cannot replace easily, if replace at all, a man like Sir John Jellicoe or Sir John French—and, we may add, Lord Kitchener or Lord Fisher. That union of "calm courage and consummate skill" which Lord Kitchener finely expressed as the qualities of Sir John French in the great struggle in France is of rare and priceless value to us in the leader of our Army. We can rub along well enough at home without any very great heroes or prodigies of finance and civilian administration. We can find the money, and, ultimately, we shall find the men—especially if we take Lord Selborne's excellent advice, as suggested in his letter in the "Times" of Thursday.

The real vital responsibility, the success or failure of our country depend not on heroic action or initiative by Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. McKenna or Mr. Masterman, but on Sir John Jellicoe and Sir John French. We have complete faith in them both; and in the splendid sailors and soldiers, men and officers alike, whom they lead. The one great thing which the civil authorities have to do to-day is to strain every effort to supply the needs of the two Services. In that way, and in that way alone, can they ever hope to make amends for their shortcomings in this matter for years past.

THE CLAIM OF RUSSIA.

EARLY next month we hope to deal intimately and in some detail with the new spirit in Russia—also with the fears and hopes entertained by Russian observers and thinkers in regard to the future. For the moment we are unable to do so without a risk of prematurely breaking a silence which we are bound to observe on certain points. The general position, however, is clear. The evidence is now overwhelming that a fresh chapter in the domestic history of Russia will be opened at the close of the war, that a new position has been created as between Government and the

people, and that the change will be felt by every class, race and sect of the Empire. Educated Russians who a generation ago had virtually to choose between voluntary exile, blind service to a régime in which they had lost faith, or reluctant acquiescence in barren and imported doctrines of revolution—these Russians are now filled with abundant hope. Twelve years ago it might be said, almost with truth, that it was virtually impossible for a wise, practical and disinterested politician to find a place in the Russian political scheme. This is no longer the case. It will be as impossible for Russia at the conclusion of the present war to return to the period of Kropotkin and Rodjesvenski as it was impossible for Great Britain in 1688 to return to the period of Bosworth Field. Apart from the special grounds for this conviction, which we are for the moment induced to postpone, its main truth has already been realised by every observer who has viewed Russia in these last months without prejudice. The present struggle has stirred Russia to the heart. It is a war of the Russian people. The devoted enthusiasm of the Russian soldiers fills every despatch from Petrograd with imperishable instances. To realise all that the new spirit in Russia implies, it is only necessary to turn from the contemplation of what is happening to-day in Poland and in East Prussia to what happened some years ago in Manchuria. The present war is a national war of the people, whereas the war in Manchuria was regarded by large classes in Russia as little more than an opportunity for the Government and bureaucracy to lose credit and prestige. There will be a contrast between the results of the two wars as startling as the contrast between the wars themselves.

To these matters we shall return at the earliest moment. For the present we would simply urge the British public to lose no time in revising utterly all that it has hitherto accepted and believed about Russia. If we are to do full justice to our great ally in the East, British public opinion will have to be watched and assisted in two directions. First, there is unfortunately an almost complete ignorance about Russia among our people at large. Second, there is an active and atrabilious sect—extremely voluble, credulous and without the least respect for evidence—which is jealously waiting for an opportunity to begin talking, writing, and demonstrating against our ally. The idea which these men have of Russia to-day is wholly false. The idea was never just. It always ignored the difficulties and perils of Russia. But to-day it is simply ludicrous. What from a partizan point of view was twenty years ago an excusable prejudice has now become rank injustice and blind error. None the less, these men are really to be feared in their influence upon a public taught for a generation to think of Russia as a land of knoutings and pogroms. It is clearly a duty of our Press—and it might with advantage be accepted as a duty by our Government—to begin as early as possible to prepare against the campaign of jealousy and misrepresentation at present being incubated in decadent clubs and committees. It would not be creditable to the British people and Government if our ally were rewarded for her splendid services and complete loyalty in the common cause with even the appearance of distrust or hesitated dislike from any party or section of British opinion. Such a catastrophe can quite easily be avoided. It will be avoided if our people are really allowed to know and understand what is happening in Russia—to know how ignorant are her detractors, how Great Britain has everything to gain from her friendship and association, how eagerly Russia herself will turn to Great Britain for help and encouragement in the new ways already marked out for her politically and socially.

It is early yet to talk of peace or the terms of peace, but it is not too early to insist that the British public should be educated out of some old and cherished prejudices as to Russia. The Russians themselves are frankly prepared to meet a certain amount of misunderstanding. They are not unaware that large num-

bers of British people have yet to be won over to realise the strength of the new ideas and influences in Russia, and to discard old habits of criticism. It would be idle to pretend—the wiser Russians certainly do not pretend—that British and Russian ideals are at all points identical. But that is surely no reason why the word Cossack should continue to prod the British nervous system like a knife. A Cossack is a Russian cavalry soldier—one of those whose deeds are ranking every day with those of French and British heroes in the same vast and double-fronted theatre of war. The veiled suggestions, heard in certain quarters since war broke out, that Germany must not be too severely beaten, lest Russia should thereby become too great a power, are worse than foolish. They are openly disloyal to the Allied cause in Europe—a cause into which Russia is pouring her men, money and ships without reserve or stint.

Surely an effort should at once be made to dislodge some rooted errors and assumptions, so that when the time comes to talk of peace we may embark upon a settlement without any sense of difficulty or constraint. Almost everything popularly written concerning Russia to-day is based upon the false idea that Russia in 1914 is the Russia of a generation ago. We still find it seriously asserted by popular essayists who have spent a few weeks in the country that there is no middle class in Russia; that there is no education; that every enlightened Russian is an anarchist. Russia, in fact, is usually seen through the spectacles of her refugees, who in return for their entertainment in foreign lands feed fat the prejudices of their hosts against a people still largely agricultural and theocratic. The truth is that at present the country as a whole knows too little of Russia, has too little understanding of her hopes and ambitions, is not well enough acquainted with the temperament and motives of her policy. This ignorance may appreciably jar the future well-being of Europe; and it should not be allowed to continue. Those who speak for Great Britain when peace is signed must speak for a country gladly confident that Russia has an undoubted claim upon our frankest fellowship, and the country must be unanimously persuaded that Russia will turn to great and helpful ends what she has greatly won. Europe will lie in no peril from a strong and victorious Russia. No Russian statesman has the least idea of aiming at an hegemony of Europe or of following visions of *Weltpolitik*. Russia's restlessness in Asia has been an expression of the natural unease of a mighty Power cribbed and cabined. The idea that Russia to-day, or conceivably at any time, aims at expanding her influence anywhere beyond the natural limits of Slavdom is a self-inflicted nightmare of those who feed British Radical prejudice upon wild conjecture. Russia, as shortly we hope to show, will in the coming generations be too full of domestic problems to enter, if she would, upon profitless adventures. It is really humiliating that it should be necessary to insist upon such a point as this at a time when Russia is fighting with ourselves against precisely those evil intentions—against all the extravagant and vicious nonsense of the Will to Power and the Policy of Hacking Through—with which she is herself credited by those who make it their business to slander her. One of the most important ends of the present war will be achieved if, in central Europe, we shall have succeeded in substituting for the military and aggressive might of Prussia the pacific and continually more progressive influence of Russia. When Europe has once grasped the essential quality of the new Russia her statesmen will easily be able to find the means of gratifying Russia's legitimate claims for better naval facilities and freer trade than she has hitherto been allowed to enjoy. The entrance of Turkey into the war has made the task easier than otherwise it might have been.

We put our money in the past, as Lord Salisbury told us, on the wrong horse: this time we want to be entirely right.

A BLACK LIST.—II.

IT is a mean thing, and quite useless, to hold up to public reproach politicians who confess in a manly spirit they have been wrong. Thus, if those politicians who clamoured for a cheaper Navy, and insisted that Germany's intentions were strictly peaceful and harmless, now admitted their error, it would be a contemptible thing to gird at them with extracts from their past speeches and articles. Mr. Eden Phillpotts frankly admitted his mistake, and no man worth calling a man would think of raking up the past against him. Again, no one now has one critical word to say of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a sturdy Liberal, or of Mr. Crooks, the hearty Socialist. But it is vastly different when the false prophets have the audacity to behave as if there were nothing against them, and when they even exult in and plume themselves over their prophecies. It seems that the "Daily News", by means of a penny pamphlet, has actually been announcing it has nothing to withdraw and nothing to regret. The quotations in the "Daily Mail's" pamphlet, "Scaremongerings"—which we referred to last week—appear to be a positive source of pride to the "Daily News"! It is about the most astoundingly cool thing we have ever come across in journalism or politics. Nor apparently is Sir John Brunner contrite: on the contrary we have seen a letter of his in a Liberal paper in which he expresses a desire that the war may soon be over, and then Parliament may be able to tackle some feudal question or other he is sweet on. The coolness of these people almost passes belief. It is ludicrous in a way perhaps; but, well considered, it is also a most serious matter. We believe that, at the first favourable opportunity, most, if not all, of them will return like the dog to its gorge. They will once again condemn any proposal like Lord Roberts's as dangerous and expensive "militarism"; and once again they will come out in favour of "naval holidays" and drastic reductions in our Army Estimates. Therefore we must return to our black list, and start with Mr. Acland.

1. Mr. Acland, M.P., on 5 November 1912, denouncing Lord Roberts for advising his countrymen to adopt universal military training, said:—

"Lord Roberts is the greatest soldier of his time, yet surely one may argue without offence that he may be wrong as a statesman. Let us see what this policy of national service would mean under the head of cost. When I was Financial Secretary to the War Office I was responsible for an estimate of the extra cost to the nation of the scheme of the National Service League—rather under eight millions a year. But that scheme will not give us the army we should want if we are to strike at Germany in the same way as Lord Roberts thinks that Germany will strike at us. If it is even conceivable that our soldiers are to beat German soldiers in Germany they must be trained at least as long as German soldiers, and that cannot be done for an extra eight millions. That means, in the first place, good-bye to all hope of further social reform. It means inevitably a tendency and temptation to relax our expenditure on the Navy, which is, and must be, kept supreme. And surely the idea that we should get ready to attack a friendly country without cause at a time of profound peace is an utterly provocative thing. We are an island Power, we do not need a great army on Continental models, and I pray we may never adopt such a system."

Mr. Acland must surely see now that to feed the Army is not necessarily to starve the Fleet!

2. Mr. Ponsonby, M.P., said in Parliament, 24 July 1912:—

"On the Foreign Office Vote the Foreign Secretary told the House that our relations with Germany were excellent, but immediately afterwards the First Lord of the Admiralty had come to the

House and pitted our naval construction step by step against hers. We must abandon this provocative method of framing the annual Naval Estimates."

3. Mr. Molteno, M.P., condemned "the policy of two keels to one as naked force".—Speech in Parliament, 24 July 1912.

4. Mr. Dickinson, M.P. for North St. Pancras, in Parliament, 24 July 1912, urged

"members to show Germany by their votes there was a party in England anxious to help on the peace movement in Germany. I would rather have a stronger military force than that our Fleet should be kept constantly in the North Sea."

5. Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., at the annual meeting of the Peace Society, 8 May, 1912, moved a resolution "deploring the continual menace of increasing armaments".

(His speech was not fully reported.)

6. Mr. D. M. Mason, M.P., seconded the above resolution. (Speech not reported.)

7. Mr. J. A. Pease, M.P., Education Minister, in chair at above meeting, approved the resolution.

8. Mr. Joseph King, M.P., urging that a Channel Tunnel would secure our food supplies, Sir Frederick Banbury asked, "What would happen if we were at war with France, or the Germans occupied French ports?" To which Mr. King replied:—

"Suppose we were at war with the man in the moon? Absurd suppositions only occur to absurd minds."

9. Sir John Brunner, ex-M.P., and Chairman of the National Liberal Federation, on 2 April 1909:—

"As a commercial man, I declare emphatically that I should infinitely prefer the protection of recognised international law to the protection afforded us by our Navy."

10. Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., said to his constituents, 5 January 1910:—

"I can assure you that the scaremongers are making us look ridiculous in the eyes of the world; our German friends wonder what is the matter with our nerves."

Sir Alfred Mond has in some way recanted, for, after war broke out, on 29 October 1914, he informed his constituents that "this is a war for which Germany has been preparing for years"; and two days later he said: "Having studied and followed this question for a considerable time I have not the slightest possible doubt that England could not, without losing her honour, security, and position in the councils of the European Powers, have avoided entering into this hateful war. I should advise the people of England, if they want to get rid for ever of the German menace which has been hanging like a nightmare over this country for many years, to rally all their strength, might and courage in order to do the job well and thoroughly." This we are glad to record.

The minor members of the Little Navy School were usually somewhat reticent in the House of Commons, and although they no doubt attempted to indoctrinate their constituencies with their views, it would be an impossible task to search the files of local papers for their speeches during the past seven or eight years. In the House of Commons, too, they seldom actually voted against the Navy Estimates, confining themselves as a rule to deputations, private protests, and resolutions, which were not always moved in Parliament. Thus the names of the signatories of the Reduction of Armaments Committee, which numbered 144 in 1908, were never published, and they did not as a group divide the House that year. That was the most flourishing period of the Little Navy League, and from that time they shed adherents until, in 1913-14, they only numbered between thirty and forty.

From the following Black List, which is as nearly complete as it can be made, we have omitted only members who have since died and Irish members, the Nationalists having, for party reasons of their own,

* "Scaremongerings." Third Edition. 6d.

occasionally supported the Reduction of Armaments Committee:—

Right Hon. W. Abraham (Labour), Rhondda Valley.
 Mr. J. A. Baker (Liberal), East Finsbury.
 Mr. G. N. Barnes (Labour), Blackfriars, Glasgow.
 Mr. C. W. Bowerman (Labour), Deptford.
 Mr. J. F. L. Brunner (Liberal), Northwich.
 Right Hon. Thomas Burt (Liberal), Morpeth.
 Sir W. P. Byles (Liberal), North Salford.
 Mr. W. Clough (Liberal), Skipton.
 Mr. J. R. Clynes (Labour), N.E. Manchester.
 Mr. C. Fenwick (Labour), Wansbeck, Northumberland.
 Mr. H. J. Glanville (Liberal), Bermondsey.
 Mr. J. G. Hancock (Labour), Mid-Derby.
 Mr. J. Keir Hardie (Labour), Merthyr Tydvil.
 Mr. A. G. C. Harvey (Liberal), Rochdale.
 Mr. T. E. Harvey (Liberal), Leeds, West.
 Mr. W. E. Harvey (Labour), N.E. Derbyshire.
 Mr. John Hodge (Labour), Gorton, Lancs.
 Mr. R. D. Holt (Liberal), Hexham.
 Mr. W. Hudson (Labour), Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 Mr. F. W. Jowett (Labour), Bradford, West.
 Right Hon. T. Lough (Liberal), Islington, West.
 Mr. H. F. Luttrell (Liberal), Tavistock.
 Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald (Labour), Leicester.
 Mr. J. Murray Macdonald (Liberal), Falkirk.
 Sir Alfred Mond (Liberal), Swansea.
 Mr. J. McCallum (Liberal), Paisley.
 Mr. J. Parker (Labour), Halifax.
 Mr. Arthur Ponsonby (Liberal), Stirling.
 Mr. G. H. Roberts (Labour), Norwich.
 Mr. J. M. Robertson (Liberal), Tyneside.
 Mr. Arnold Rowntree (Liberal), York.
 Mr. A. H. Scott (Liberal), Ashton-under-Lyne.
 Mr. P. Snowden (Labour), Blackburn.
 Mr. S. Walsh (Labour), Ince, Lancs.
 Mr. H. A. Watt (Liberal), Glasgow, College.

Correspondents have written to us suggesting other names, but it is very difficult in many cases to unearth obscure and conveniently forgotten speeches, etc., in favour of cutting down the Navy and Army. However, we have not yet finished with the matter.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 19) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"And where were you during the Great War?"

THE question that will be asked of every man in the British Empire for the next fifty years. The more colossal the struggle between nations at war the deeper does the significance of the strife sink into the minds and memories of peoples. Our sons in the backwoods of our Dominions, in the stock farms in the drylands of the Southern Commonwealth and the valleys of New Zealand, in the bush veldt and high veldt of the Union, in the forests and swamps of the tropics; the dark Pathan in his fastness sunga home, the bearded Sikh in his Persian wheel-watered fields, the supple Goorkha in his mountain woodlands, the Jât, the Rajput: all men in our family of nations who have played their part as *men* in this great world-war, will tell with pride the story of the great struggles that they have shared in common. A small silver token will tell to our sons' sons more eloquently than parchment the service of the father to the Empire, for on its rim deeply chiselled is recorded his name, his number, his corps and the date of the award. A prolonged war fought for a national idea insensibly cements among the surviving combatants a friendship akin to brotherhood, the like of which no other passion can foment. So consistent is the adamant of comradeship, the cognomen of this affection of man for man begotten by war, that with death alone will it crumble away. It is a sealed book to the layman is this bond of fraternity.

Four years ago on a May month evening I was enjoying a bicycle ride along the banks of the historic old

Rhine. I had been taking stock of the constant passage down and up its swift waters of the huge lighters that carry the riches of Westphalia down to the very mouths of the great river. Built to traverse the waterways and canals that transport this wealth of merchandise even to the ports of Antwerp and Rotterdam are these huge 600-ton barges. Are they seaworthy I surmised and could they bear a living freight to our shores? We may live to see the attempt. As I neared a village I saw approaching me a crowd of respectably dressed citizens, headed by a standard bearer. The dark clothes of the company, who were all men, told at once the significance of their purpose. As an old soldier I stood to attention, saluted first the German flag, and then the burden on the bier. Every man in the gathering removed his hat to me in recognition of the respect that I was paying to one of their dead comrades. Every man wore proudly on his black coat a war medal, the token of participation in the desperate struggle of 1870. It was the procession of a Veteran Society that silently passed me by. I longed to see the ceremony through and possibly adjourn to a club-room or "Bierhalle" and hear the warriors fight again their battles. Possibly I knew more about their contests than they did themselves, for I had fought out both on paper and on foot the paths of many of the mighty struggles in their war with France. I knew by heart the stories of their victories.

In course of time after this war we shall create our own Veteran Societies. When over a million men take arms for a national and Imperial purpose and bear a nation's burden at risk of life and blood they do not hastily forget that they stand out as something superior to fellow-men who have declined to share the trial, and as year succeeds year the bond of comradeship is tightened and a feeling of exclusivism becomes more marked. Who knows but these clubs may not become a social power? This is no common war that we are committed to. It is either *the* war of the century or the crippling of our Empire. The participants on the Allied side hope to live in history with a halo of glory and they well deserve to, every man of them. Can nothing be suggested that will save some millions of young English the shame of having to tender an evasive answer to the question of the next half-century? Can nothing be done to remove from him a stigma that may be undeserved but that may haunt him through life? Can he be given no chance of proving to his fellow-men that he was denied the opportunity of service to his State when she was in dire trouble? Youth himself cares nothing for the future, he is not educated to look ahead, but cannot older and wiser heads warn him of the impending cloud that threatens to darken both his name and fame? For if we fail in this fight to a finish, upon whom will the blame rest? Are these horrors to be repeated in twenty or thirty years instead of being made impossible for a hundred years? Certainly not! This generation has to save our sons from a century of self-imposed militarism forced upon it to save their very freedom.

We are a nation of gamblers, politicians and all included. To the crowd the ruling passion declares itself every Saturday at the various League meetings. To many, far too many, it declares itself upon the race-course, and there in public view demonstrates to the nation how unequally the burden of arms is borne by our various social classes. While at the recent meeting at Newmarket the enclosure stands were empty the rings were full. The gate receipts of the latter were but £20 short of the takings a year ago at the same meeting.

In the scheme outlined last Saturday week to ensure the sustained effort for this war, which, to give it a name, may be opportunely called "The Saturday Scheme", a sporting chance is given to our young manhood of earning the right to be called either Briton or "skulker". The youth dearly loves a gamble, and if I mistake not will welcome the odds offered him by the scheme. The mere fact that the question of pressure is being mooted

will undoubtedly drive many waverers into the ranks. On the other hand, some feeble-minded youths will wait for the law to bring them in and risk the disgrace of the stigma. Nor are all employers of labour equally liberal in allowing their hands to serve the country. Surely those who keep back men willing to serve should pay a penalty, for they are making profit by the war.

We have amongst us critics, mostly amateurs, who, appalled with the idea of pressure, take refuge in an excuse and become obsessed with the idea that one volunteer is worth three pressed men. They quite forget that such a notion is a direct slur upon the individuals who serve in the armies of our Allies. To dispose of their pet conception, may I remind them that in our late war in South Africa at one period there were some 20,000 of these voluntarily enlisted men reported to be absent without leave from the Colours and who *could not be found*! Do those same pundits of military lore realise that from 70 to 90 per cent. of the voluntarily enlisted men of our Regular Army enter the ranks from motives of compulsion, driven from the labour market owing to physical inability to do a day's work, and forced by the pressure of hunger to take the King's shilling? A boom in trade is the despair of the recruiter. Does the nation realise that, had it not been for the foresight of our great financiers and the assistance that they rendered to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to formulate his marvellous schemes for the preservation of our trade and industries during this war, the recruiting officers would have been positively overwhelmed with applicants? When in our wisdom we proceed to enforce the obligation of service to fill our ranks, may we suggest that as the critic declares the pressed man to be worth only one-third of the volunteer we should pay him *pro rata*? The howl of the critic will then be loud, I fear. The mere suggestion that 4d. a day should be the pay of the men of a Ballot Army might be the best stimulant to existing methods of recruiting that we have yet discovered. It will be interesting to watch the result of the appeal to householders issued by the Parliamentary Committee. Many people I know have read it as an ordinary census paper and inserted names of people of no value for military purposes. Others include a conditional promise of service from those names inserted. The return will hardly be reliable upon which to base a constant and sustained flow of support to our forces in the field, but it is an effort to face a situation which does honour to the party leaders who subscribed their signatures. But if it fails? Better to face the ordeal and make a certainty of success by telling the manhood boldly that for them "there is no discharge in this war". A truce to further tinkering methods of raising the men we require. We must squash the half-heartedness of those who still appear to be more interested in avoiding obligatory service than in beating the Germans. As emphasised in my last article, we must be ready to anticipate extreme situations. Picture our Ally in the western theatre reaching a stage of exhaustion when she has pushed her invader back over her frontier, and lining up to face the iron gates across the Rhine she looks around for men to complete the task imposed upon the Entente Armies. Is she to look in vain where six million young English stand gazing strong in their right to refuse to lift a finger in a nation's cause? It is just at that period of this war that we shall find what metal there is that goes to make the Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton. Whereas we as a nation are educated to think in silver and gold we shall find that we are up against a nation brought up to think in blood and iron alone. We must make up our minds now to fight German militarism with its own weapon, militarism, but worn as a cloak that can be discarded, and beat him with it.

THE SEAS AND OVERSEAS.

A welcome triumph at last for our gallant seamen. We can already almost hear the doggerel verse and song that will link the name of brave Sturdee with a winning burgee. We shall await the story of the

struggle with intense interest, how the southern seas of the Pacific have been at last cleared of two swift hornets that have to our shame so long held up millions sterling in trade and with their powerful armament have sent millions of pounds' worth of war material and some 1,600 lives to the depths of the ocean. Our naval war staff is at last awakening, thanks to many experiences of failure. They have found that although we may be old in the traditions of war we are still young in guile. Any man in the street could have told them that to send two antiquated cruisers and an old-time battleship to round up and account for two modern well-armed hostile greyhounds was an unfair task to impose upon brave Cradock. Picture two hansoms and a four-wheeler sent to round up a couple of taxis and you have the representation of the speed problem given to the dead admiral. Risks in war we must take when necessary, but where was the necessity which only ended in lowering our flag and heartening our opponents?

ANOTHER PLOT THAT FAILED.

In the belated despatch which records the movements and actions of the Naval Division at Antwerp we can trace both in its conception and organisation the finger of the amateur from start to finish. One Royal Marine Brigade, a bare 2,200 men alone, were dribbled into the advanced trenches on the River Nethe on the 4 October, a force so weak that they would scarcely hearten the Belgian troops, already shell-torn, that were upon their flank. At some thirty-six hours' interval two more Royal Naval Reserve Brigades, composed of ill-equipped, ill-organised individuals, hastily raised, detrained at Antwerp, too late, of course, to assist their comrades and only able to cover the retirement of the troops driven in upon the second line. Apparently within 48 hours discretion demanded a complete withdrawal of the men of the division if they were to be saved from capture. Germans are hardly the soldiers to attempt a trial at arms with a caricature of an army. Once this force was put upon its legs we can follow by the casualty list where the brunt of fighting fell and where discipline supervened to save the situation. The Royal Marine Brigade, we are sure, as rearguard, were the men in the right place, but by what ill-luck or ill-management were they ever called upon to fight with such a scratch pack? The whole story had best be blotted out, except as a negative lesson as to how not to carry out a military operation. We can learn many lessons from failures in warfare, and let this be one.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

When once military strategy is dominated by political considerations the soldier has fetters imposed upon him from which he can with difficulty disencumber himself. The fear of wounding German pride by the mere whisper that a hostile foot had trod upon the sacred soil of the Fatherland has wrecked German offensive strategy in both the East and West theatres of war. When the force of circumstances impose the strategic defensive upon the armies of a Power whose battle-cry was offence and nothing else we are justified in stating that Germany has failed. The first sign of the breakdown, it is hardly necessary to recall, was when her armies, after reaching the very gates of Paris, recoiled to reform upon the Aisne, not from the necessity of force, but from the overpowering will of political consideration in the far distant theatre in East Prussia. Dead Samsonoff and his slaughtered fellow soldiers lying in the marshes of the Masurian Lakes are the authors of the strategic condition now imposed upon German arms. It will take more than a Napoleon to master the problems now before the German. "King in his own camp", as Wallenstein expressed it, as the Kaiser is, he is not quite the demigod that ruled the Continent of Europe a century ago, although he holds the double power so envied by the old general and so ably wielded by Napoleon.

And yet again has strategy fallen a victim to political consideration in this western theatre, and at a cost of

life quite unparalleled in history. As pointed out in my last letter, for what possible military purpose was the order for a movement on Calais dictated? Failure and repeated failure must shake confidence in leaders, and the Germans must be gifted with superhuman morale if we find that again they are to be committed to an offensive stroke on a huge scale. Failure on one side is the parent of confidence on the other, and we may face the present situation in West Flanders and throughout the battle line to the Southern Vosges with the calmness bred by constant victory. We see at home now and welcome our brave soldiers who have triumphed in the mightiest trial at arms that history will record. Their very presence is a guarantee that "all's well" behind the sentry vigil at the foremost line, and from their lips we hear experiences which will form a creed upon which to build faith and confidence among officers and men in those new armies that are now being fashioned to carry to the end the sworn purposes of the Empire.

THE EASTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",
7 DECEMBER.

On the very day that the Imperial Guard of Prussia were dashing with reckless bravery against the stout battalions of our 1st Army Corps in Flanders an offensive movement from Thorn was projected along the left bank of the Vistula to strike on the somewhat weak right flank of the Russian force near Plock and roll to the south the Russian army that was covering Warsaw in that part of Poland. The strategic idea was a sound one, for it had for its purpose the severing of communication between Warsaw and the armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas, already well launched towards the objectives of Czeszochowa and Cracow. The advance from the north from Thorn was combined, or purposed to be in combination, with another from Kalisz on to Zieradz, and thence to Lodz, and on to the rail junction at Koluschky, while on the right of this latter force, further to the south, another army operating from Wiernszow towards Wielun, was to move across the R. Warta towards Izezercow, and thus guard the right flank of the Forces intended for the sledgehammer blow. A strategic railway runs along the Prussian frontier with short side lines running towards but not beyond it. Once across the frontier and on to Polish soil the high trial of time marches is imposed upon armies whose purpose is to deploy simultaneously from parallel railheads distant some miles apart.

Von Hindenburg set his army a high trial, but force of circumstances disorganised his time-table. Fresh troops, we are told, to the extent of five new army corps were at his disposal, besides a huge force of cavalry, and with the perfect system of strategic railways in Prussia a blow of a staggering nature could be delivered from a choice of many and unexpected points. The southern army moving from Wielun failed in its rendezvous at the appointed time. General von Mackensen, to whom was given the responsibility of delivering the main blow, succeeded at first almost too well, for driving off his opponents along a broad front almost to the line Lowitz-Koluschky he found his right flank much endangered for want of timely co-operation of the army further south. A strong force moving up north from Petrokoff apparently saved the Russian Army from a dire situation. The story of the gigantic struggle in and around Lodz has not yet been completely unravelled. Von Hindenburg has played well for his country, for he has pushed back the invader from her frontier and holds him. One shudders to think of the enormous cost of life to both sides which this struggle of giants will have entailed. The stone wall combat that we now know so well in the west promises to be the pattern of the immediate strife in Central Poland. Numbers at the disposal of the Grand Duke Nicholas should enable him to contain this desperate onslaught of von Hindenburg in spite of the heavy reinforcement that the latter has at his disposal. The bent of the Russian strategy, both military and political, will pursue its course still further south, and ere long open a dire chapter in the history of two

Empires. The process will be slow, for his means of mobility are out of all comparison funeral compared with the splendid facilities offered by the railway system at the disposal of the Great General Staff of the Kaiser. And while this battering ram that the German General Staff has so skilfully wielded in its swing backwards and forwards from West to East and *vice versa* is now in the East, has not the hour come when the Allies in the West should counter with a heavy blow? We await the answer of the Allied commander.

P.S.—It is somewhat refreshing to find that a politician of Cabinet rank has embodied in a letter to the "Times" of the 10th inst. the views on the matter of the obligation of personal service to the State of the manhood of the nation as submitted in my letter (No. 17) of 28 November. Lord Selborne himself has had the responsibility of handling one of the branches of our war machinery, and his voice in the warning that he gives to the nation is of pregnant significance. Forewarned is forearmed in the matter of the duty to Belgium which Great Britain owes.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE ISLANDS OF THE DRAGON-FLY.—I.

THE TANKA AND THE HOKKU.

BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

ABOUT twelve years ago I had the delight of hearing Professor Basil Chamberlain read a paper upon the poetry of Japan. We listened among the gathering shades of a spring evening, in a room in Shiba overlooking a Japanese garden with its heavy shaded cryptogamia as dark as death, and a few cherry trees bursting into fresh life. I then learned to distinguish between the earliest form of Japanese verse, the *tanka*, with its five-lined verse of 31 syllables, and the *hokku* which has 17 syllables arranged in three lines. Later on, when the cherry trees were in full bloom, I saw frail pieces of rice paper twisted around twigs near to the blossoms, and I knew that each of these was a *hokku* written, perchance by a student, perchance by a coolie, as a tribute to a beauty which is regarded by all as a national possession. Still later, in Australia, Japanese friends I made there presented me with similar delicate gifts which they painfully endeavoured to translate into our intractable English tongue. Their kind efforts, let me confess it, were never crowned with the success they deserved. They could not convey to one of an alien race all the thoughts of heaven and earth and sky, of the birds and the flowers and the insects, that reminded them of *Akitsu*—the islands of the dragon-fly—thoughts which they themselves had placed in the tiniest of cages.

It is almost incredible that so minute a frame can possibly contain a poem! The briefest triolet of Provencal verse appears gigantic beside a *hokku*. Professor Chamberlain called it "the tiniest of vignettes, a sketch in barest outline, the suggestion not the description of a scene or circumstance, a little dab of colour thrown upon a canvas one inch square, where the spectator is left to guess at the picture as best he may". It is a smile half formed, a sigh suppressed almost before it becomes audible.

Lafcadio Hearn once said that at their best English translations of Japanese verses can only appear like pressed flowers beside the live blossoms of the original. It would be unfair therefore to gird at Mr. Porter* because he has not attained an ideal which he must have recognised from the first it was impossible to attain. None the less I regret that he ever dreamed of making any concessions to British predilections as to the form of his translation. It led him into adopting, as a vehicle for conveying Japanese thought, a form of Western verse that cannot be made dignified or even attractive. It has also greatly increased his own task of expressing to Western readers thoughts that at the best are often on the borderland of obscurity. Then

* "A Hundred Verses from Old Japan." 2s. 6d. net; "A Year of Japanese Epigrams." Oxford University Press. 6s. net. By Wm. N. Porter.

by the use of rhyme and rhythm he has conveyed a false impression of Japanese verse which is dependent upon neither of these elements. In that verse there is a play upon words and a use of alternative meanings of words, that suggest an anagram, is also epigrammatic, but in reality the *tanka* and the *hokku* are like nothing else in the whole realm of poetry, at least as I know it. Their messages are often more faithfully represented, their poetical thought more fully conveyed, by frankly casting aside all Western forms. Sometimes a question is the best medium that can be used.

There is a certain *hokku* written in the eighteenth century of our era by the greatest Japanese poetess—a lady called Chiyo. The Japanese words transliterated in Roman characters are:—

Tombo-tori
Kyō wa dokora ye
Ita yarra."

I have taken Professor Chamberlain's transliteration, not Mr. Porter's. Mr. Porter uses another reading, "tombo-tsurī", which is quite legitimate, but which should have been translated "fisherman of dragon-flies"—another metaphor which would have necessitated different handling. As a matter of fact, Japanese children often catch these insects with lines and hooks, but more frequently they run after them, with much the same hope of success as the puppy has when he chases swallows on a heavy afternoon as they fly close to the ground. Allowing for this error, Mr. Porter translates the *hokku* very freely thus:

"Autumn and autumn skies,
But where's my laddie, he who chased
The flitting dragon-flies?"

Mr. Yone Noguchi, who from another point of view is hampered by an alien tongue, gives a translation which may be regarded as being as literal as is possible:

"The hunter of the dragon-flies
To-day how far away
May he have gone!"

Professor Chamberlain also has adventured another translation, but it cannot compass in pathos a prose rendering he gave in that room in Shiba. To the best of my memory he translated it something like this: "Where is the little hunter of the dragon-flies to-day—ah! where?" When it is known that in the popular belief dragon-flies are the horses upon which the spirits of the dead ride, I venture to think that this simple question tells more of the sword-thrust in a mother's heart when she saw the dragon-flies her little son once hunted and which, since he was dead, carried him whither she knew not.

Two charming stories may be told of Kaga-no-Chiyo, to give the poetess her full name. They are illustrative of the deliberate obscurity and the lightness of touch so often observable in Japanese literature. The first story is that Chiyo gave to her husband a *hokku* which absolutely defies translation, although its meaning is quite obvious. The poetess compares the marriage vows to a persimmon. No one can tell whether a persimmon be astringent or not until he bites it, nor can happiness in wedlock be assured till trial of it has been made. It would have been almost murderous to have displayed a sentiment so delicately veiled with anything less than an equal reserve half smiling and half sad. The second story is that Chiyo, whose soul was clothed by a matronly form, was once seriously annoyed by some waiting girls at a dinner party, who openly tittered at her name, Chiyo, which seemed as inappropriate as the diminutive "little one" would seem in England to a stout, middle-aged woman. Quick as thought the aggrieved poetess turned to the girls and rebuked them in the following impromptu *hokku*:

"Hito-kakae
Aredo yanagi wa
Yanagi kana."

"A willow may an armful be,
But 'tis a willow all the same."

The willow tree, it should be explained, is symbolical

of womanhood. The meaning, therefore, is something like this: "I may be stout, but I am a lady and expect to be treated as a lady."

The predominating feature of Japanese poetry is an undercurrent of pathos. Here Mr. Porter writes well. "The cherry blossom doomed to fall, the dewdrops scattered by the wind, the mournful cry of the wild deer on the mountains, the dying crimson of the fallen maple leaves, the weird sadness of the cuckoo singing in the moonlight, the loneliness of the recluse in the mountain wilds"—all these he rightly tells us are never-failing themes. It must be frankly allowed that there are fundamental variations between the occidental and the oriental way of looking at almost every fact in life, and that these variations cannot be laid to any one cause or set of causes. Yet, reasonably, it may be assumed that the Buddhist doctrine of the illusion of senses has influenced the Japanese mind in this sad outlook upon life. But, on the other hand, the Japanese mind has never been entirely under the sway of illusion. This also shows itself in Japanese poetry. Let me quote from memory a translation I heard more than twelve years ago of a Japanese *hokku* written by a simple farmer in the eighteenth century: "Granted this dewdrop world is but a dewdrop world, that granted, yet—!" There the *hokku* stopped short. What a depth of meaning rests in the final word—what a ray of light it casts into the recesses of the Japanese soul!

The whole tendency of Japanese poetry has been to grow more and more diminutive. In this it paces side by side with Japanese art. What other race of artists has ever expended so much time and care upon such tiny objects as the Japanese have done? And there is something very attractive in the ancient *tanka* and more modern *hokku*. Despite these criticisms upon detail, Mr. Porter did us a service in bringing into our midst these two charming books to serve as peep-holes into the dark recesses of the Eastern soul.

WAYS OF SEEING THINGS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE plight of English artists is uncomfortable: that of Belgian is wretched. Our men find their occupation out of season and their inspiration failing; the Belgians see their whole world gone to pieces. It must be years before conditions favourable to profitable art production prevail again in Belgium; in the meantime her unhappy artists are stranded helpless, suddenly enveloped in the ruin that swept over their placid, unsuspecting lives. By the accident, as we say, of geography, what is inconceivable for us has become stupendous reality for them. Earnestly, then, should one commend the exhibition of Belgian art now open at the McLean Gallery, 7, Haymarket, to those who can profit both themselves and the artists whose work they buy. This is no occasion for critical assessment of the show: but one may point to one picture among many pleasant representative paintings and etchings that has a quality of feeling not rendered in English painting. M. Taelman's "Brabant Village" (70), recalling something of the intimate spirit of Brueghel's landscapes, has a special character and charm, and that elusive, rare and priceless quality that we call conviction. By its agency we can somehow enter into the deeper meaning, the less accessible significance of Nature.

This power of convincing cannot, I believe, be deliberately cultivated. It comes, it simply happens; not exactly in spite of the artist so much as without his knowledge. He may recognise it when it has come, or he may go all his days incapable of seeing what it is abnormal that his work contains. For, after all, what is abnormal in relation to other men's vision is obvious and normal to his own. I am inclined to think that the finest things in the greatest art are those which came almost unnoticed by their authors, who were passive and receptive instruments rather than

consciously interpretative. Once an artist is aware he is pulling the strings and manipulating his material with an eye on the effect which he is deliberately stage-managing, his work loses content. Only the greatest artists can remain passively receptive, as it were unconsciously recording what, by the grace of God, they are privileged to see. As soon as a painter wakes from this passive state and starts up to heighten his effect, to fill in his composition and work up his foreground, he is in danger. The great men see so much and know so much that their first wave of emotion and perception usually carries them the whole way. What they record in their best hours is a first-hand impression; they have no painful checks, no moments of wondering what on earth to do next to finish up and make effective. For the others, however, that first wave is not long enough to take them to a sufficing end: the perception and intuitive knowledge at their disposal give out, leaving them to complete their journey with the aid of old recipes and bright ideas which are inevitably but secondhand.

Mr. Orpen's "Western Wedding", at the New English Art Club, his "Painting" and "Summer Afternoon", are interesting as types of the different qualities of conception. They exemplify pretty completely three clearly marked species of painting. In No. 1 what I have called the first wave of emotion and perception was so lacking in impetus as to be practically negligible. In No. 2 it was strong enough, not only in volume, but also in quality, to make an admirable picture. In No. 3, on the other hand, the quality of the painter's perception—the things his interest singled out and fastened on—was not rich enough nor rare enough seriously to matter. Nothing could make the "Western Wedding" a real success but profound knowledge of and intuition into life. Piero della Francesca's "Nativity" is not a masterpiece because it is painted in a curiously light key and the angels' mouths are open. It is great because Piero was so full of the intense purpose and inner character of his people that he convinces us that Mary the mother of Christ actually may have been like this, and that if the heavenly choir did shout and sing at the Nativity they must have done so in this wise. But not one of Mr. Orpen's people has this power to convince, simply because his own realisation of life is not yet full enough to give him intuition into the recesses and deep-lying moods of humanity. Whatever of subtle and half-conscious significance he may have seen in the first place has been rubbed off in process of making up his picture. His people are not Donegal or Galway peasants who have never heard of Chelsea art conventions, but stock studio types grouped for a tableau vivant. Even the distant sea and intermediate landscape are professional models, period 1914. This picture is not unassailable, moreover, on technical grounds, beginning with its scale and ending with the fretful smallness of its design.

The second picture by Mr. Orpen, "Painting", as it is rather vaguely called, has unusual richness of content. A little more restraint and it had been more satisfactory as a whole. But in its execution Mr. Orpen was not worried perceptibly by a shortage of knowledge; he knew and perceived enough of the magic qualities in shade and sunlight to carry him through. The sunlight flickering and dazzling through the blind-slats, transfiguring his studio wall and suddenly transforming the model's hair and flesh into some fabric specially created for the sun to play upon and saturate—well, all this kept Mr. Orpen quiet and fed him constantly. He had no painful pauses, no breaks in his inspiration so serious as to throw him back on bright ideas and formulæ. The subtleties and wonders that he saw had hardly evaporated when he laid his palette down.

But, alas for all of us, the vision of wonderful and subtle things is incalculable. If only it were enough to see faithfully, no matter what the quality of vision, cameras would have made artists obsolete. The difficulty is to see the things that count enduringly. In

his "Summer Afternoon" Mr. Orpen has seen all sorts of things accurately, but somehow they do not seem to matter; they have no universal application. They may have a certain scientific or documentary value (though I find it difficult to believe that posterity will be any more interested than am I in this version of Mr. Orpen's genial personality); but they are not rich enough nor rare enough to exhilarate. This kind of picture differs from the "Western Wedding" sort in this: it is full of research into things that are not very important, relatively speaking, whereas the "Western Wedding" has practically no insight.

Most of the pictures in the world belong to one or other of these two classes: it is not surprising, therefore, that many in this New English Art Club can be placed in the same way. Only exceptionally rare spirits can see wonders; only those endowed with great sympathies and intuition can apprehend the innermost life of Nature and humanity. Admirable and workmanlike and enlightened the New English Art Club is most certainly; but it is not peopled with paragons. And yet the hard-bitten critic, struggle as he may, constantly finds himself damning an Orpen or a Fairlie Harmar because it is not as good as a Vermeer or de Hoogh. As if there were some special reason why now, for the only time in history, genius should simply swarm! At the same time, as a little healthy self-discipline, these artists might take themselves apart and candidly enquire why Vermeer and Metsu (for example in "The Letter", on view at 144, New Bond Street, "in aid of the Queen's Fund") are more successful. Their answers to such searchings might be interesting, even if they were confined to technical causes. Mr. Harold Squire, too, and Mr. Pissarro might compare their frankly bleak ideas of Nature with those of Constable, as manifested in the rich, the sumptuous "Salisbury", lately exhibited anew in the National Gallery. Would they, I wonder, in their inmost hearts, exchange their honest baldness for his power of seeing wealth?

There are times when one wonders whether after all the advantages derived from a master are worth the disadvantages: whether, for example, Mr. John's net result can ever atone for the plague of Johannites. The stock John droop and organ-grinder costume are by themselves a bore; in essentials they are just as academic as Mr. Marcus Stone's elongated languors and Empire make-up. Nor is there much to choose, if we are honest, between his peculiar brand of inanimateness and Mr. Munro Summer's. If a picture lacks life expression, it is but a matter of detail whether it hangs on the line in Burlington House or fills a centre in Suffolk Street.

To conclude what seems to me a thoroughly cantankerous article on a less peevish note, I must draw attention of Mr. Tonks' masterly pastels, of which the best is "Toilet", a perfect piece of work; to two unusually emotional drawings by Professor Brown, and to Mr. McEvoy's frail and delicately beautiful "Study" (171). Some of his sketches carry in them the germ of mannerism. There are other good drawings and pictures in the show: too good, perhaps, to be packed into a postscript.

VOICES.

FAR more than eyes or mouth or gesture as a revelation of character is the quality of the voice and the way of using it. It is the first thing that strikes us in a new acquaintance, and it is one of the most unerring tests of breeding and education. There are voices with a certain truthful ring about them—a something quite spontaneous, that no training can give. Training can do much in the way of making a voice, but it can never compass more than a bad imitation of this quality; for the very fact of its being an imitation, however accurate, betrays itself like rouge on a woman's face, or a wig, or dyed hair. On the other hand, there are voices which have the jar of falsehood in every tone, and that are as full of warn-

ing as the raven's croak or the serpent's hiss. There are, in general, the naturally hard voices which make themselves caressing, thinking by that to appear sympathetic, but the true quality strikes through the overlay, and a person must be very dull indeed who cannot detect the pretence in that slow drawing, would-be affectionate voice with its harsh undertone and sharp accent whenever it forgets itself. But there are voices which, without being false or hypocritical, puzzle as well as disappoint us because so entirely out of harmony with the appearance of the speaker. There is that treble squeak we sometimes hear from the mouth of a well-grown portly man, when we expected the fine rolling utterance; and, on the other side of the scale, we get that hoarse chest voice with which young and pretty girls sometimes startle us.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice, save perhaps the eyes, and they can be lowered, and so far their expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide disturbed feeling, though a strong will and the habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. But not the strongest will, nor the largest amount of self-control, can keep it natural as well as steady. It is deadened, veiled, compressed, like a wild creature tightly bound and unnaturally still. One feels that it is done by an effort, and that if the strain were relaxed for a moment the wild creature would burst loose in rage or despair, and the voice would break out into the scream of passion or quiver away into the falter of pathos. And this very effort is as eloquent as if there had been no holding down at all, and the voice had been left to its own impulse unchecked. Again, in fun and humour, is it not the voice that is expressive, even more than the face? The twinkle of the eye, the hollow in the under lip, the dimples about the mouth, the play of the eyebrow, are all aids, but the voice! The mellow tone that comes into the utterance of one man, the surprised accents of another, the fatuous simplicity of a third, the philosophic acquiescence of a fourth when relating the most outrageous impossibilities—do not we know all these varieties? And what would be the drollest anecdote if told in a voice which had neither play nor significance? Pathos, too—who feels it, however beautifully expressed so far as words go, if uttered in a dead and wooden voice? But the poorest attempts at pathos will strike home to the heart if given tenderly and harmoniously. And just as certain popular airs of mean association can be made into church music by slow time and stately modulation, so can dead-level literature be lifted into passion or softened into sentiment by the voice alone.

We all know the effect, irritating or soothing, which certain voices have over us; and we all know that strange impulse of attraction or repulsion which comes from the sound of the voice alone. And generally, if not absolutely always, the impulse is a true one, and any modification which increased knowledge may produce is never quite satisfactory. Certain voices grate on our nerves and set our teeth on edge; and others are just as calming as these are irritating, quieting us like a composing draught, and setting vague images of beauty and pleasantness afloat in our brains. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality, is essential in a doctor; the "bedside voice", which is nothing if it is not sympathetic. Not false, not made up, and not sickly, but tender in itself, of a rather low pitch, well modulated, and distinctly harmonious in its notes, it is the very opposite of the orator's voice, which is artificial in its management and a made voice. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificiality; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in an address—but overwhelming and chilling at home, partly because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonation and accurate accent, would be as much out of place by a sick-bed as Court trains and brocaded silk for the nurse. There are certain

men who do a good deal by a hearty, jovial, fox-hunting kind of voice—a voice a little thrown up for all that it is a chest voice—a voice with a certain undefined devil-may-care sound in it, and telling of vitality and health. That, too, is a good property for a doctor. It gives the patients a fillip, and reminds them pleasantly of health and vigour; it may have a mesmeric effect on them—who knows?—and induce in them something of its own state, if it is not overpowering. But a voice of this kind may become insolent in its assertion of vigour, swaggering and boisterous; and then it is too much for invalided nerves, just as mountain winds or sea breezes would be too much, and the scent of flowers or a hayfield oppressive.

The voice betrays the state of the mind more than many people suppose. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is in the indistinct or confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial; and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate or to stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice, too, does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the best active work; and when we meet with a keen-witted man who drawls, and lets his words drip instead of bringing them out in the sharp, incisive way that would be natural to him, we may be sure there is a flaw somewhere. The lover's voice is, of course, a thing by itself, but there is another kind of voice which one hears sometimes that is quite as enchanting—the rich, full, melodious voice which irresistibly suggests sunshine and flowers, and heavy bunches of purple grapes, and a wealth of physical beauty at all four corners; such a voice we can conceive Anacreon's to have been; with less lusciousness and more stateliness, such a voice was Walter Savage Landor's. His was not an English voice; it was too rich and accurate, and yet it was clear and apparently thoroughly unstudied. Though one of the essentials of a good voice is its clearness, there are lisps and catches which are pretty, though never dignified, but most of them are exceedingly painful to the ear. It is the same with accents. A dash of brogue, the faintest suspicion of twang, a little American accent, gives a certain piquancy to the voice. So does a Continental accent generally, few of us being able to distinguish the French accent from the German, the Polish from the Italian, or the Russian from the Spanish, but lumping them all together as "a foreign accent" broadly. Of all the European voices the Italian is most delightful. The Italian voice is a song in itself. Of all the differences lying between Calais and Dover, perhaps nothing strikes one more than the difference in the national voice and manner of speech. The sharp, high-pitched voice of the French, with its clear accent and neat intonation, is exchanged for the loose, fluffy utterances of England, where clear enunciation is rare, where people think it no shame to run all their words into each other, and to let consonants and vowels drip out like so many drops of water, with not much more distinction between them: and where no one knows how to educate his voice without going to artificiality and affectation. Yet the cultivation of the voice is an art, and ought to be made as much a matter of education as a good carriage or a good handwriting.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In searching for reasons for Italy's policy of neutrality, it is of paramount importance not to overlook the history of Franco-Italian relations since the downfall of the Temporal Power, and more especially to grasp the importance of the step which France took when she occupied Tunis.

Bismarck was not slow to guess the meaning of the

wonderful recovery of France after the Franco-Prussian War. It was necessary for him either to isolate her or make an attempt at conciliation even as he had conciliated Austria after the war of 1866. He accordingly embarked on the latter course, and with this end in view offered no obstacles to the enlargement of France's colonial empire; hoping that she would, as a result, forget the loss of her European provinces.

Taking the Kroumir rising as an excuse, France eventually occupied Tunis, much to the astonishment and indignation of Italy, and it was by this event that Bismarck scored a striking success. The population of Tunis being overwhelmingly Italian, the Italian language predominating, and Italian influence all-powerful, it was obvious that such an action on the part of France acted as a useful set-off to the Austrian occupation of Trent and Trieste. Moreover, Italy was in consequence isolated and had no alternative but of commending herself to the mercy of the Central Powers, and thus forming what came to be known as the Triple Alliance.

Relations with France, unfortunately for both nations, grew from bad to worse, and this state of affairs lasted until the Fashoda question once settled put an end to rivalry between France and Great Britain.

The arrival of Great Britain on the scene contributed to the gradual improvement of Franco-Italian relations, which, with the exception of minor incidents, such as the searching of the "Carthage" and the "Manoubah" during the Tripoli campaign, were in striking contrast with the uncalled-for mobilisation of Austrian troops on the Italian frontier, and that at the most difficult period of Italy's North African venture.

Certain it is that Italy was able to land comparatively easily in North Africa owing to the firm and decided attitude of the British Government in Egypt, which country owed quite enough allegiance to the Sultan for the Turks to flood it with Mahommedan troops intent on crossing the Egyptian border to beat back the invader.

This is not the place to enter into the economic value of the newly acquired provinces, but it may be taken for granted that even if Tripoli and Cyrenaica (besides being a case of Hobson's choice, for there was no other territory left to annex) prove the barren rocks some would have them be, nevertheless, Italy was compelled to occupy them for obvious strategic reasons.

The pressing question for her to decide now is whether and when she will join in the great conflict now raging, to which the latest addition is her recent antagonist, Turkey. It is rumoured that the Government of the Sublime Porte has hastened to give assurances to Italy that she will exempt Libya from the Pan-Islamic propaganda which is to be carried on in the neighbouring British and French protectorates and colonies. Remembering, however, that Turkish sway in the greater part of Italian North Africa has never been much more than nominal, it may be open to question whether Turkey, having once lit the fire of fanaticism, could, even if she would, prevent the flames from spreading to parts she might have an inclination to spare, more especially as her Teutonic masters have already been engaged in nefarious work, which has resulted in the expulsion of a German consul from Tripoli. This behaviour on the part of one ally, together with the traditional hatred of the Italian people to the other, as well as the often overlooked fact that the poverty of the Eastern Adriatic provinces is in great part due to the bitter anti-Italian policy which Austria has from time immemorial pursued in the Balkans, may constrain her to throw in her lot with the Triple Entente Powers ere long. Should she decide on a continuation of the policy of neutrality, it will be indeed hard for her to make her voice heard in the councils of the Europe that is to be, though, of course, she will have a certain claim to consideration on the part of the Allies, should they prove victorious, inasmuch as her neutrality retained a great number of Austrian troops massed on the frontier which might have otherwise proved invaluable in stemming the tide of Russian advance.

Judging from the declarations recently made in the Italian

Parliament, there is every reason for hoping that Italy will play her part when the opportune moment arrives, and no one who is following the course of events intelligently can doubt but that such a moment is fast approaching, indeed, cannot be long delayed.

Yours, etc.,

E. P. GINISTRELLI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 December 1914.

SIR,—I enclose a letter recently received from a friend in Italy, which so ably epitomises the situation of the Latin race in the Great War that I am sure your readers will be pleased to learn the view of a well-informed Italian on a subject of such importance, not only to the Italian but to the Anglo-Saxon race. We cannot afford to lose Latin civilisation, and this letter brings home this argument with particular weight.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED WIGGLESWORTH.

"I have been thinking a good deal lately on the situation. You know that I have never been tender towards Germany, and this is not especially because of the savage way they fight, destroying everything, but for much deeper reasons. A victorious Germany probably means the death of the Latin races. This is why Italy will almost certainly eventually enter into the war.

"It is interesting in these days to note the conflicting prophecies made by so-called experts in politics. One hears now of the certain victory of the English, now of the Germans; of Slav domination, and its advance north across Austria, or south across Greece, and eventually to the shores of Italy. Another predicts the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine, or that France will lose her Mediterranean colonies. One is assured one moment of the eventual supremacy of German commerce and industry, and the next that England will have the upper hand. Others say that the supremacy of militarism is the issue of the war, and directly afterwards there is talk of semi-disarmament of all Europe.

"Amongst all this chaos I shall, of course, look to my Latin race, and in a way what I foresee for it may be applied to the British, as Britain, although semi-German, is also semi-Latin or Celt, and certainly her civilisation retains a great deal of the old Roman and Greek culture. Just think of the fact that until yesterday all Europe was civilised according to Latin ideals. The same seed was planted under various conditions, and, of course, various flowers have been produced; but one thing is quite sure, and that is that European civilisation has until yesterday been a Latin civilisation. In the Middle Ages Italy went to sleep, although covertly directing the laws and customs of her conquerors. She had enormous influence on the Lombards, was taken as a model under the Carolingians, and, after the fall of the Frankish Empire, her influence spread more and more amongst the Germans. The German Emperors of the Middle Ages brought Italy to the verge of ruin, but the Latin genius was victorious in the end. The battle of Legnano definitely defeated Barbarossa, and thus saved the Latin liberties and the communities and preserved intact the necessary conditions in which Latin philosophy might live, thus preparing for the Renaissance. After the Renaissance, in which Latin civilisation was victorious in Italy, it passed into the regal hands of Spain, a Latin sister, then to France, a third and more elegant sister of the North. The expressions 'Louis XIV.', 'Louis XV.', 'Louis XVI.', and 'Empire' refer not only to historical periods, but also to vital, vigorous, dominant products under various forms of the ever-living Latin civilisation; and until yesterday they were models to the whole of Europe, not only for exterior elegance and refinement, but also for philosophical and ethical conceptions of life. When I speak of 'yesterday' I mean, of course, the past century, during which period Germany and its civilisation have made tremendous progress

towards independence, politically, philosophically, artistically, and commercially. Do not let us confuse the present Germans with the Vandals and Huns of the past. These were barbarians in true Roman significance, while the Germans of the present century are civilised barbarians who are acting under scientific preparations. Here lies the real danger to the Latin race. When the conqueror was the stronger only because of his superior physical strength, though he succeeded in subjecting the vanquished race, he very often was himself subjected by the enemy's civilisation—witness the conquest of Greece by Rome. It is a byword to-day that the victors were really conquered by the Greeks, and we know that the barbarian invasions of the Middle Ages really succeeded in bringing Roman civilisation to the conquering people. It would, however, be difficult to-day to imagine a German Emperor, conqueror of Italy, who would become so Latinised as to express his sentiments as did the Emperor Frederick II. when he wrote his beautiful Italian verses:

"'Allegrare i' mi posso, o donna mia', etc.,

or to imagine a Crown Prince who could, as did King Enzo, son of Frederick II., write:

"'Ecco pena dogliosa
Ch' infra lo cor m'abbonda',

as he did after the conquest of Bologna, when he was enamoured of a Bolognese girl.

"Before the Germans exported their 420 mm. guns they exported music, beer, science, house fittings, philosophy, and cast iron. The triumph of Germany in Europe would surely mean the Teuton civilisation having the upper hand, just as it has succeeded in rising to the greatest height on a personal basis quite independent of the Latin ideal. This is the colossal merit of German civilisation, but Teuton conquest means the death of Latinity.

"It is useless to discuss which of the two civilisations is the better. They differ profoundly, and are certainly each the better for their respective peoples. The German may be no less perfect because of his lack of refinement, elegance, liberality, and liberty, which constitute the foundations of the Latin race. German civilisation might rise to a giddy height, as in the case of Arabic, Chinese, and Indian civilisations, but we Latins cannot live and develop except in the shadow of our own. The only solution therefore in the present crisis is for Italy and Spain to bring their forces to help France for their own 'life', as the Latin life is now understood by us."

THE ONLY WAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Abbey Vicarage, Shrewsbury,

3 December 1914.

SIR,—The events of the past few weeks have changed the views of most men on the subject of home defence. We no longer hear it asserted that invasion is impossible or that England can entirely rely upon her fleet. Yet Englishmen do not wish to deny that they owe almost everything to the men who are watching and keeping guard night and day in the North Sea. They know too well that, but for our Navy, we might have been as Luxemburg and Belgium. But they have learned that we may not sit still and rely entirely on our ships. We thought that we had learned our lesson in 1900, but no one will be ashamed to confess that his experience then profited him little. We as a country might then have adopted personal service as a basis of citizenship or we might have taken up military training seriously. As a matter of fact we did nothing of the kind. Now we need trained men, and it is difficult to find them: we are training those who have answered the call "to fall in".

It is, however, useless to utter vain regrets. One of the Belgian deputies regretted a short time ago that his country had not adopted some such system as prevails in Switzer-

land. The invader then would have found 600,000 men ready to meet him instead of about one-sixth of that number. We might add our own word of regret—that we, too, have not millions of trained men instead of thousands in our day of need.

But, again, experience has taught us that public opinion in time of peace is not behind public service or training. We want public opinion to be behind it. And surely public opinion now awakened by the present peril would consent to anything short of conscription. It might in time consent to that. We must then have either (1) conscription, which is so distasteful to English people, or (2) public service by all men who wish to be counted as citizens.

Our franchise at this moment is not based upon any reasonable principle. It was at one time mainly based upon property. Now let it be based upon public service. When a new Reform Bill is produced let this principle be introduced.

Let us have manhood suffrage. Let every man have one vote and one only, but no one to enjoy this privilege who will not perform the elementary duty of personal service.

The majority of electors—allowing for such exceptions as you have in Switzerland—of a certain age would then be in a position to serve their country in such a way as the military and other authorities might think fit. If such a simple principle were the basis of a Bill we should never again be asking for trained men to serve either at home or abroad. I need not dwell on the wholesome effects of such training and such a system, which would doubtless mitigate if not cure many evils—professionalism in sport, etc.—which are now only too glaring and obvious a reproach to so many men in England.

BRUCE BLAXLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Bede's College, Manchester,

8 December 1914.

SIR,—When irrational beasts wage war upon one another it is generally to the ultimate advantage of their own species. The weaklings and the defective get eliminated. The more powerful and resolute and robust are left masters of the field. There is, in short, a struggle for life, resulting in a genuine "survival of the fittest", who, in course of time, will engender a yet stronger progeny.

Strange to say, with the rational animal, Man, the result is exactly the reverse. In a great war, such as the present, for instance, it is not the well built, muscular, and physically fit who survive, but rather the weakling, the asthenic, the spiritless, and the selfish, who stay at home and refuse to enlist. And it is they, in consequence, who survive, and who will become the future sires of an inferior people.

It is in order to put a stop to such a disastrous draining of the best blood of the race that I, for one, would hail with delight some form of obligatory service. According to the present system the Army draws to itself the élite of the country. The loyal and generous hearted, the energetic and the enterprising, the athlete, the successful sportsman, the daring adventurer, gather around the colours when the bugle calls to arms and are ready and glad to risk wounds and death for a noble cause. And many of these, of course, get disabled or killed, while the more miserable specimens of humanity, who "stay at home at ease", are left to propagate their species and to produce a wholly inferior race.

At present it is "the upper ten", with their inborn sense of chivalry and loyalty, and the "lower orders", who have no special stake in the country, who contribute most largely to both Army and Navy, and who show themselves most ready to fight. The middle class, on the other hand, consisting of artisans, tradespeople, and small shopkeepers, stand aloof and let the whole burden fall on others. If obligatory service were legalised a large percentage of the tape-measuring, parcel-tying, pence-counting fraternity would be drawn into the firing line to take their chances with

the rest, and might save many a more valuable life, to the immense benefit of future generations.

I am, yours, etc.,
+ JOHN S. VAUGHAN.

EGYPT'S ATTITUDE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12, Norland Square, Holland Park, W.,

3 December 1914.

SIR,—According to the "Times" Cairo correspondent, "El-Moayad" has published a lengthy article "showing that the Arab world has not anything to gain by supporting the Envers and the Talaats" (the Young Turks). This is remarkable. "El-Moayad" has more significance than being the "leading Arabic Moslem newspaper". It has always been spoken of as the Khedivial organ. This attitude of "El-Moayad" shows the value of the statement published in the German Press that the Khedive is going to accompany the Turkish troops invading Egypt. I may add that the latest Egyptian newspapers contain an account of an interview given by the Khedive to the representative of an Italian paper in which His Highness stated that "the Egyptians were all united in their wish to maintain public order and good conduct towards Great Britain. . . . Egyptians were well advised in behaving in this way".

Your readers can choose which statement to believe.

Yours faithfully,

KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL.

STATE CHILDREN AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The State Children's Association,

53, Victoria Street, S.W.

SIR,—It is the custom of the State Children's Association to hold its annual meeting at this time of year. At the last meeting of its executive committee, however, it was decided that to organise such a gathering under present circumstances would be inadvisable. At the same time it was felt that there had never been a period in the life of the Association when present conditions and probable future developments called more clearly for a faithful setting forth of those principles concerning the upbringing of children dependent on the State, which it has been the work of the Association to contribute to public thought. That children are a nation's greatest asset is a truth which was being slowly realised by the English people. But there are times when the slow realisation of a truth suddenly changes to conviction, and the present is such a time. The value of every child has been trebled to the State since the wastage of life inseparable from war and its resulting miseries became a daily grief. Not only must child-life be preserved and cherished, but the methods of its upbringing must be those which will give freedom to individual growth, cultivate qualities of self-reliance and initiative, and, by the exercise of personal love and influence, create those sturdy moral forces which in times of peace or war are the essentials of a great nation. The Local Government Board has recently and most opportunely issued a circular on the subject of out-relief to widows and children, which points out that "the value of true home life in the education and training of the child is admittedly so great that, wherever the elements of this are already in existence, Guardians would do well to offer it every encouragement, and to take such action in regard to the granting of relief as will least interfere with the unity of the family".

Good homes with good mothers could thus be preserved, second-rate homes be raised to a better level by friendly influence, while children removed from homes that are unfit should be brought up in surroundings as much like those of the ordinary family as possible. It is only by the adoption of simple, natural, home-like life and training that we shall secure to each child the best preparation for its work in the world, and it is to those methods which allow of the highest development, and not to big institutions and numbing

routine, that we must turn for dealing with the increased number of children who will become dependent on the Poor Law.

We are, Sir, yours, etc.,

LYTTON, Chairman.
ALBERT SPICER.
LOUISE OLIVER.
FRANCA BUXTON.
HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

THE LESSER GODS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street, S.W.

SIR,—As a general rule, there are only two classes of readers and writers on the subject treated in your review of Professor Flinders Petrie's book—those who regard it as hopeless superstition and those who swallow wholesale anything and everything connected with what is called occultism. As the critical spirit is lacking in both, the conclusions arrived at are not much worth. Hence a subject of immense interest is left out in the cold or exploited by totally incompetent persons.

To begin with, we need have no fear that either the greater or the lesser gods are dead. They are very much alive—as much alive as they ever were. What has happened is that the modern world has forgotten that their garb is changed somewhat from the old style. That is all. The "superstitions" of the primitive man can be explained fairly accurately in the latest scientific terminology, provided the reader has the seeing eye. Just think of the modern conception of the "atom" and of the incalculable energy in every cubic inch of space! A mere touch of a living finger on a bar of steel is sufficient to produce in it an enormous change, causing every molecule to accelerate its rate of motion. It is a commonplace axiom that the finer the force the greater the power.

The primitive man had the right idea in him, that everything influences and is influenced by everything else. He was mistaken very often in his observations and deductions, but in the main his instinct was correct that will and mind can exercise a direct power on the substance in which we all live and move. The doctrine of faith has been entirely misunderstood by the modern Church through being confused with intellectual concepts. The real and original meaning of faith is equivalent to will and confidence acting on the living energy of the human organism as an engineer deals with electricity, and in this way producing an effect externally. About 40 per cent. of men and women are negatives ready to be acted upon at once by a more positive force. There is no more mystery attached to this action than to the action of fire or water. Just as water can be scattered over the ground or stored up in a vessel, so the power of will can be weakened or strengthened by diffusion or concentration. That was the underlying idea of amulets or talismans—a perfectly sound idea. When this idea is levelled down to the masses, without its real explanation being given, it becomes, of course, "superstition".

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LOVELL.

THE WAR AND DEMOCRACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Manoir de la Trinité, Jersey,

23 November 1914.

SIR,—There is an odd phrase in the letter signed by the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, and others, on behalf of the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organisation, which seems to have escaped attention. We are fighting, they say, for, amongst other things, "democracy". But many of us who would make every sacrifice for our hearths and our homes are not very keen about democracy. And how about Russia, our mighty Ally, without whom our task would be hard indeed? Would she like to be told that she was fighting for democracy?

ATHELSTAN RILEY.

REVIEWS.

MR. BUCKLE'S DISRAELI.—II.

[By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.]

"The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield."
By W. F. Monypenny and G. E. Buckle. Vol. III.
1846 to 1855. London: John Murray. 12s. net.

THE French have a saying that there is no such thing as a necessary man. But if Disraeli became leader of the Tory party it was only because there was no one else who could lead the Opposition against a Government headed by Russell and Palmerston, and supported unofficially by Peel, Gladstone, and Graham. Every conceivable combination was discussed and every possible and impossible leader in the Commons was suggested, for the two Whips of the Protectionists, Newdegate and Beresford, and Lord Stanley were distrustful of Disraeli. The favourite scheme was a junction with the Peelites without Peel and without Protection, and Disraeli twice offered, through Lord Londonderry, to resign the position he had won to Sir James Graham. The sudden death of Sir Robert Peel in 1850 seemed to remove an obstacle to the reconciliation of the two wings of the Tory party. Mr. Buckle has had before him certain papers or memoranda written by Disraeli in the 'sixties. With his mellow judgment and unerring discrimination Mr. Buckle has amply explored this mine of gold.

Some of the descriptions read like the best chapters in "Coningsby". Here is an extract giving us a glimpse of the feelings excited in society by Peel's fall from his horse. "Next day (it might be the day after), Peel still lying on his couch, there was a great morning fête at Rosebank, a thatched cottage on the banks of the Thames, surrounded by the flowers which gave it a name, and where, to render the romantic simplicity complete, Lady Londonderry, in a colossal conservatory, condescended to make tea from a suite of golden pots and kettles. Lord Londonderry was restless and absorbed: he foresaw the revolution which the death of Peel might occasion in parties. He pressed my hand with affectionate anxiety, asked many questions, and, full of intrigue, showed, as usual, his cards. I missed him during the fête. He reappeared towards the end. He came up and whispered to me. It was hopeless. He had actually galloped up to London, called at Whitehall, and galloped back again, while his band was still playing, and his friends still sipping ices." In the beginning of 1851 the Russell Government was beaten on some franchise resolution, and Lord John resigned, advising the Queen to send for Lord Derby, who advised her to send for Lord Aberdeen. As Aberdeen was helpless, Derby renewed his attempt, and Disraeli gives us (in the memorandum of the 'sixties) an inimitable picture of the meeting in the chief's dining-room in St. James's Square, from which I can only extract passages. "All this time, Henley, whom I believe Lord Derby did not personally know, or scarcely, sat on a chair against the dining-room wall, leaning with both his hands on an ashen staff, and with the countenance of an ill-conditioned Poor Law Guardian censured for some act of harshness. His black eyebrows, which met, deeply knit; his crabbed countenance doubly morose; but no thought in the face, only ill-temper, perplexity, and perhaps astonishment. In the midst of this, Herries was ushered, or rather tumbled, into the room, exclaiming, 'What's all this?' Then there were explanations how and why he had not received a letter and had not been there at 12 o'clock in the morning, to know that he was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer." Herries was garrulous, and made difficulties, conveying that "our monetary affairs were in a critical state, and that Goulbourn would eat us all up if we presumed to touch them". Henley flatly refused to take the Board of Trade. "Lord D. and myself exchanged looks . . . there was something like the general chatter of a club-room, when Lord Derby made a sign to me and we withdrew to the end of the room. 'This will never do', he said. 'I am not sanguine, but don't be in a hurry'." Lord Derby

returned to the table, and after a silence gave his opinion that it was his duty to decline the formation of a Government. "Sir Edward Sugden, though he lost a peerage, agreed with Lord Derby; Lord Lonsdale seemed disappointed, Malmesbury distressed; Herries and Henley said nothing. Beresford frantically rushed forward and took Lord Derby aside, and said that there were several men he knew waiting at the Carlton expecting to be sent for, and implored Lord Derby to reconsider his course. Lord Derby inquired impatiently, 'Who was at the Carlton?' Beresford said, 'Deedes'. 'Pshaw!' exclaimed Lord D. 'These are not names I can put before the Queen', and thanking his friends dismissed them. "We dispersed: lingering in the hall, Lord Lonsdale said, 'Never was such an opportunity lost. They were prostrate. We ought to have dissolved Parliament to-morrow.' 'The best thing the Country party can do', said Malmesbury, 'is to go into the country. There is not a woman in London who will not laugh at us'. Herries, who seemed annoyed that all was over, kept mumbling about not having received his summons till three o'clock; and that he remembered Governments which were weeks forming. Henley continued silent and grim. Beresford looked like a man who had lost his all at roulette, and kept declaring that he believed Deedes was a first-rate man of business." After all, it is much to be a wit and a novelist as well as a politician: for happy indeed is the statesman who can console himself for disappointment by such pure comedy as the above!

But the cowardice of his colleagues and his own want of official experience were not Disraeli's only difficulties. There was a real difficulty as to the policy of the party, the basis on which the Tories were to be rallied, the cry or platform, as we should say, to be adopted. The most common and the most plausible charge against Disraeli's character is that, having climbed into power on the stepping-stone of Peel's body, he abandoned Protection; that he kicked down the ladder by which he rose. He did abandon Protection, but the fact can only be advanced as a charge by those who regard politics as an abstract science rather than a practical art. It is the habit of the British politician to invest the political expedients of the day with something of the sanctity of religious tenets. To Disraeli, who like Metternich was "né penseur", the imposition of a duty on corn was a fiscal expedient, not a political principle. In 1847, a year after the overthrow of Peel, there was a General Election, which the Liberals won. The farmers were apathetic, were "waiting to see". But, with the exception of agriculture, all other interests began to flourish under Free Trade. Provisions grew cheap, shipbuilding boomed, pauperism declined, and manufactures expanded. Disraeli noted all these things, and came to the practical conclusion that Protection was a cock that wouldn't fight any more. Was he not right? He put up a magnificent fight for the Protectionists, and we may take it that he really believed that the territorial aristocracy ought to be the governing class. Having joined battle on a sectional issue, and been beaten, like a prudent general, he drew off his forces and meditated a new and wider plan of campaign. But Lord Stanley and the country gentlemen could not take this philosophic view. To them the corn duties were as sacred as the decalogue and far more precious. While Disraeli, with the instinct of the Hebrew seer, was looking far and deep into the future, they were merely dreaming of rents. How to rally the country party "without a recurrence to abrogated laws" was the problem for the new leader, and it was a nice one, for he was closely watched, and many were ready to throw him over. Malmesbury was not loyal, and, as Tyrell wrote, "If you were to trip, I don't think Beresford would be the first man to pick you up". In the intervals of racing and shooting, Derby wrote him long and rather stern letters of remonstrance, and during the whole of 1849 the relations between the captain and his lieutenant were "uneasy". Disraeli persisted, with patience and temper and firmness, in treating Pro-

tection as "hopeless", but he cast about for a policy of compensation to agriculture, or, as Halifax would have said, for an "equivalent", in the shape of the repeal of the malt tax, countervailing import duties to form a sinking fund, and he even went so far as to suggest throwing half the local rates on the consolidated fund. The more intelligent among the country gentlemen, Miles, Christopher, Bankes, Drummond, and Tyrell, sympathised with Disraeli in his endeavour to shake off the corpse of Protection and to reconstruct the party on a national basis. But the enthusiastic John Manners shouted, "Down with the income-tax and hurrah for the Custom House!" while a foolish Press and an agitator or two hampered him greatly. Curiously, Disraeli found his staunchest ally in Lord Derby's eldest son, Edward Stanley, who wrote from Paris in 1850: "It really will not do to make another Protectionist demonstration; the very turnips of Norfolk will cry out against us, as the turnip-headed inhabitants thereof have already begun to do".

There is a very interesting letter from Prince Metternich to Disraeli, written in 1849, which Mr. Buckle puts in the Appendix. Metternich points out the danger of constructing a party on the narrow basis of a special or sectional question, and advises the Protectionists to drop their name and merge themselves in the general cause of Conservatism, of which the agricultural interest was an important and imperishable part, but only a part. "One natural consequence of doing so would be to bring the Manchester party face to face with the entire Conservative cause, and thus to change the struggle from a duel with the Protectionists into a war against the principles of Conservatism." Latter-day Unionists and Tariff Reformers would do well to ponder the profound wisdom of this advice. Tariff Reform and the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland are important questions, but they are not the Conservative cause. Metternich's views were precisely those which Disraeli was trying to teach the Protectionists. With what consummate skill and courage the pilot steered his craft through a channel laid thick with mines into the harbour of Downing Street in 1852, Mr. Buckle makes us see and feel rather than tells us in these absorbing pages. The crowning mortification of Disraeli's career was Derby's refusal to form a Government on Aberdeen's fall in 1855—it was a case of selfish "funk"—and for once he broke into indecorous abuse of Palmerston, though it was his own chief whom he ought to have blamed. As a passing word of great interest there is the passage in a letter to Derby declaring that thirty Colonial members in the House of Commons would augment the strength of the Conservative party, and recording Disraeli's inclination to a preferential tariff for the colonies. I am afraid that we have drunk the best wine in Mr. Buckle's cellar, for after 1852 Disraeli's position was assured, and when an adventurer's standing is secure the piquancy of his personality is much abated.

HUMAN COMEDY.

"Balzac." By Emile Faguet. Translated by Wilfrid Thorley. Constable. 6s.

BALZAC is one of the colossal figures in the history of literature. Critics may, and do, find almost innumerable places in him where they can stab with their pens, but he takes little hurt even from the most skilful attacks. When we opened this book we knew what to expect. M. Faguet, professor at the Sorbonne, member of the French Academy, is far too much an epicure in letters to feel any strong sympathy with the Olympian vulgarian who created the "Human Comedy" and its five thousand characters. When the critic says that Balzac wrote badly, lacked taste, and could never draw a person of refined manners, we can only bow assent for the moment. These statements are true on the face of them, but only on the face of them. It would, of course, be foolish for an Englishman to argue with M. Faguet about the author's style,

and we admit to seeing that Balzac did not always even know the meanings of the words he used. His contempt for syntax was amazing; it could only be equalled were immortal Jove to descend from heaven and write for the gutter-press; it was careless and not conscious. As to the question of taste, it is clear that he was largely without it because he believed it to be absent from the society which he pictured and in which he lived. Paris was to him the city of a nightmare. The provincial strain in his blood made him believe Blücher to have spared it that it might corrupt France. Had he reduced all that he saw and imagined to nice order, he would have destroyed the whole meaning and purpose of his work.

The "Human Comedy" is nothing but an attempt to give a picture of France as it seemed to a bourgeois, who chanced to be also a great man of letters, during the period of the July Monarchy. Reading it, says M. Faguet, "we are in the midst of phantasmagoria", but that is exactly where Balzac himself stood. The old solidity of throne and altar had gone, the hopes of the Revolution and the glories of the Empire had passed, the King held an umbrella in place of a sceptre, but the "coin of one hundred sous", constantly shifting from pocket to pocket, was almighty. Commerce was the supreme adventure of his age. His tales, by their extraordinary mixture of the romanesque with realistic and naturalistic writing, do actually result in giving the impression which he aimed to produce of an unstable world. The critic complains that one of his duchesses uses the vulgar interrogative "hein"; but although Balzac may not have been very intimate with the Faubourg Saint-Germain, he quite rightly divined that those of its houses which remained open were, or soon would be, infected by plebeian maladies. There is no refined aristocracy in the "Human Comedy", but the omission was not without reason. Here and there, indeed, the old nobility survived in France with all the characteristics of its class, but it had ceased to have either political or social significance. Its ghosts continued to wander, but they did not concern Balzac's task. "Croyez-vous aux revenants?" asks one of the characters in "Ursule Mirouët", and another, replying with the spirit of the age, answers: "Croyez-vous aux revenants?"

Honoré Balzac's tribute to the old order was to add the particle "de" to his own name. He detested his own class and his own profession of journalism, and we may guess that he loathed them the more because he realised that he was himself a bourgeois and a journalist to his finger-tips. We can only rejoice that he was as he was. He understood the only section of society that counted in his days, and he presented it to us in the only way in which it could be adequately presented. Refined language and good taste simply would not have done. M. Faguet speculates with Sainte-Beuve as to the effect that a book by Balzac would have had on a mind nourished on the "good French prose in all its frugality" which the classic writers of the seventeenth century were wont to use, and such a mind, he agrees, would have felt "giddy for a whole month afterwards". This is perfectly true, but then would not all the changed conditions of life and standards of manners have seemed dizzy madness to a Nicole or a Bourdaloue or any other who had known the grand calm of Port Royal or Versailles? It is always to be remembered that in Balzac there struggled two forces. Intellectually he abhorred the world in which he lived, and he trampled on its hypocrisies, its greed, and its vanities. By nature, on the other hand, he was at one with all his circumstances, practising, even to an abnormal extent, the vices and follies which he condemned. Had it been otherwise, the "Human Comedy" would have lost half its value. Had he, for instance, not been obsessed by constant schemes for making money, the most significant feature in his work could never have assumed the dimensions which we know.

Wealth is the point around which the plots of his greatest novels are built. Neither before nor since has

any writer devoted so close a study to the cult and the hunger of gold. He discovered the intriguing romance in a company prospectus and the life in an auctioneer's catalogue. His usurers, shopkeepers, bankers, bailiffs, and pettifoggers are matchless in fiction, and to think of his books is to think of Grandet, Gobseck, Molineux—his whole company of misers. Had he detested these men and their works without having intimate, personal knowledge of their internal mechanism, he could have given us but empty melodrama, for he worked too hard to have time for deep thought or accurate observation of others. Constantly he was drawing on his own soul for information. Balzac, who had looked to make a fortune from Sardinian mines and Polish forests, who had dreamed of keeping a grocery to which his literary reputation would attract custom, knew only too well the passion which the piece of a hundred sous could inspire. Because the pursuit of riches was the distinguishing feature of the century, he seems to us its most significant novelist, though it is on other grounds that most of his critics have judged him. As a creator of characters he is unassailably great. It is usually said that his people are simple beings driven each by a single impulse, and M. Faguet repeats the common statement, but it is true only of the older actors in the Comedy. Some of Balzac's young men are extremely complex; and here, too, we see how well he divined life. Singleness of purpose can be as much a sign of advancing age as is a bad liver or a bald pate.

THE SERAPHIC MOTHER.

"St. Clare of Assisi." By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

THE spiritual adventures of mankind will always have their interest, and even in times of war there will be many who will turn with relief to this record of saintly life as to some sanctuary where, for a time, they may hush and bless themselves with silence. The soldier and saint, for all their difference, have much in common. Both have surrendered themselves to an iron discipline for the sake of a great idea and both have wrought, endured, and died that the race might profit by their pain. The idea of the saint as one who has renounced the world in order to save his individual soul is a very partial one. The Catholic Church has ever set high value on good works and has never admitted to sainthood anyone whose life has not shown them forth. Canonisation is indeed the Victoria Cross of the Church Militant.

St. Clare of Assisi will always be known as the founder of the Order of Poor Sisters and as the friend and spiritual daughter of "surely the most fantastic creature that ever drew breath", St. Francis of Assisi. Born somewhere about the year 1193 (for there is some doubt as to the actual date) and reaching "the mark of her high calling" on 11 August 1253, her sixty years of life have been the subject of many volumes. Fantastic legends have been woven around her, nor has she escaped the breath of scandal. It has been the pious task of Mr. Gilliat-Smith to endeavour to disentangle her authentic history. To his work he has brought an immense amount of learning and painstaking research and a patent love of truth. His book is written with rare charm and skill and is illumined by many a sly touch of humour. It is not without significance that a work of this character, bearing the imprimatur of the Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Westminster, should be so frank in its purview of the times. Certainly Mr. Gilliat-Smith makes no attempt to whitewash the period about which he writes. That thirteenth century which a writer has not inaptly called the twenty-first year of the Middle Age was in some ways a time of darkness and great moral laxitude. The author describes it as "an age emerging from barbarism", and admits that at the time when Hildebrand began his campaign in favour of sacerdotal celibacy a large number of the clergy of the Western Church, bishops as well as priests, were openly living

in wedlock. This fact, he considers, explains many of the stories that have come down to us concerning the unclean lives of the secular clergy in the days when St. Francis began to preach. At the same time Mr. Gilliat-Smith is concerned to rebut the view of M. Paul Sabatier, who, in his "Vie de Saint François", represents the Church of the twelfth century as a sink of iniquity and St. Francis as stepping in when she was in *extremis* and miraculously saving her from dissolution. "If", he writes, "the monasteries of the eleven hundreds were indeed hotbeds of vice, saints without number were nurtured in these dens of abomination, and if the monks of the same period were deserters from the battle of life, somehow or other they came to the fore in every branch of human activity, and when men wanted a leader they looked for him, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they found him, in the ranks of these wastrels". There were mystics like Adam of St. Victor, and Richard and Hugh, of whom Neale says that they were "three of the greatest men of that marvellous twelfth century", and of Adam that "he was the greatest Latin poet, not only of medieval, but of all ages". And there were statesmen and scholars like Lanfranc, St. Anselm, and St. Hugh of Lincoln.

Of St. Clare's childhood and upbringing little is known. Legend gives her noble parentage and states her father's name was Favorone. Mr. Gilliat-Smith seeks to destroy the legend that she ran away from home at midnight by a back door to take the veil in secret on account of her father's opposition, as he shows that Favorone died when Clare was about nine years old, and she did not become a nun until she was nineteen. One thing is certain—that she was "converted" by St. Francis, who persuaded her to abandon the idea of the marriage that had been arranged for her and to take the veil. She was, we read, "a woman of brilliant parts, a woman of inflexible will, a woman possessed of a mysterious power of drawing to herself and subjecting persons of the most varied dispositions, and withal largely endowed with what is called common sense. . . . Wealth, beauty, wisdom, a great worldly position along with the will and the courage to give up all for Christ, these things were essential in the heroine whom Francis at the time needed; for he had it in his mind to give to the world a mystery play on the breaking of 'Brother Ass', and the opening scene must be sensational; he wished to create a college of virgins, who, from behind the walls of their cloister, should silently proclaim to a people forgetful of these things the beauty of poverty and the beauty of chastity and the sweetness of self-denial. In Clare he descried the '*mulier fortis*' who should accomplish all this—the strong woman raised up by God for whom he had so long been waiting". St. Clare took the veil on Palm Sunday in the year 1211. The ceremony was performed secretly in a country church at dead of night in the presence of perhaps five or six witnesses, for St. Francis had not as yet many disciples. From that time until her death St. Clare never once set foot beyond the monastic enclosure of St. Damian.

"The Form of Life of the Order of Poor Sisters", or the Rule of St. Clare, differed considerably at various periods, but the original constitution, as given by St. Francis, was admirable in its simplicity. It was unlawful to receive or hold possessions or have any rights of property, and the sisters were to busy themselves with some handicraft conducive to the common weal.

On the bickerings, quarrels, and jealousies that surrounded this and other works of St. Francis the author throws an interesting light. In fact, it may be said that his book is more about St. Francis than St. Clare. But amid much musty antiquarian stuff and records of unprofitable and puerile disputes are streaks of white light, human touches which make the volume of more than academic interest and render it acceptable, not only to the theologian, but to the ordinary layman.

Of St. Francis himself Mr. Gilliat-Smith gives a pleasing picture, although he considers him a sensationalist. "He loved the wild things of the country-

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The motion adopting the report and accounts was seconded by Mr. J. G. Bean, and carried unanimously.

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